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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *THE VOICE OF MISSISSIPPI.*

#### SPEECH OF HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[JEFFERSON DAVIS, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, being one of the ablest and most influential of the leaders of the Slaveocracy, we make the following extract from a long speech delivered by him, before the Democratic State Convention, at Jackson, July 6, 1859.]

CHANGES AND FLUCTUATIONS.

So far as the abstract right to hold the African in bondage is concerned, we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the progress which, within the last ten years, truth and sound philosophy have made.

Anterior to that time it had been the habit of Southern men to refuse to discuss a question of strictly domestic concernment with those who assumed to invade it. Thus, for a long period, error scattered her seeds broadcast over the land, while reason, in over confidence, stood passive. The recent free discussions by the press, and on the forum, have dispelled delusions which had obscured the mind of a generation until even among ourselves it was easier to find the apologist than the defender. The case is now so far reversed that many Northern men have addressed themselves to the task of defending our constitutional rights, on the ground of their justice; and there is not probably an intelligent mind among our own citizens who doubts either the moral or the legal right of the institution of African slavery as it exists in our country.

It is not a little curious to note the fluctuations of English and American, of Northern and of Southern opinion, upon this subject.

During the colonial condition, Great Britain not only protected the slave trade, but denied to the colonies the right to prohibit the importation of negro slaves into their respective territory. Now she is the source of an agitation against the United States, because the descendants of the negroes so imported are held in bondage.

The Northern States once held slaves, and their acts of emancipation generally followed the transfer of the property to the Southern States; the people engaged in the importation of African slaves, and now persecute the South, though holding by purchase from them; and the sons of those who conducted the trade would throw upon us the task of defending their fathers from the charge of having been pirates and man-stealers.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the Convention which formed the Constitution, the opponents of African servitude, after having vainly sought for the General Government the power to prohibit the importation of slaves, succeeded in inserting a clause which has been construed as declaring such prohibition after 1808. In 1818, the Congress enacted a law which fixed penalties upon the importation of negro slaves, of such magnitude as exhibits not the purpose to exercise the power of commercial regulation, but to prohibit it as a species of commerce that should be destroyed. In a period prolific of departures from the principles of our government, the Congress, by legislative act, declared the slave trade to be piracy, thus not only withholding from an American citizen who should engage in this trade the protection of his government, but withdrawing from him the right to be tried under the laws and by the courts of his own land; pronounced him the enemy of mankind, and abandoned him to the mercy of whomsoever should capture him.

This law is not to be confounded with that of 1818. They differ essentially in their effect, their policy, and the authority which must be relied on to maintain their validity. From the power to regulate commerce, to conduct foreign intercourse, and to establish rules of naturalization, much may be drawn in relation to the migration or importation of persons. I am not prepared to deny that it may not extend to exclusion, yet as a general rule it would be more consonant with the genius of our government and the rights of the States to leave the subject to the control of the several States, as a domestic interest, which each community can best decide for itself. There are few, if any, among us, who would admit that the General Government possesses that power to authorize the importation into a State of persons to whom admission was forbidden by the laws of that State. In this connection it deserves to be remembered that upon this point arose the early controversy between the State of Virginia and the General Government, and it will also be remembered that, if viewed simply as a question of commerce, the Congress have no greater power over the foreign than over the inter-State trade.

But how stands the case in relation to the act of 1820, declaring the slave trade to be piracy? From what clause of the Constitution is the authority for that act derived? It is commonly assigned, and I know of no other source, to the grant of power "to define and punish piracies, and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations." To "define" is not to *create* or to give a new meaning; and to punish offences against the law of nations is not authority to introduce a new article into the code. Conceding the power, for justifiable reasons, to exclude the importation of a particular class of persons, authority surely cannot be thence deduced to assume control over the trade of other nations, and by a police of the seas to destroy a trade between two foreign nations which is recognized by the laws of both; or to brand as nefarious a traffic which has existed from the earliest period of human history, and been conducted by nations which have most illustrated the annals of man. So great a departure from well-established policy and obvious principle suggests the inquiry by whom and for what purpose was it made? I have been satisfied that it was one of those departures which result from substituting a temporary expediency for immutable truth.

After the termination of the general wars which prevailed in the early part of this century, roving and adventurous men, accustomed to the hazards of military life, were thrown out of employment, and every sea on which there was the temptation of commerce became infested with pirates. Expelled elsewhere, they at last made a lodgment in the West Indies. About the time of the treaty for the transfer of Florida to the United States, an organized band seized the Island of Fernandina, and assumed to exercise dominion over it. They were understood to be pirates generally, and to be engaged in the slave trade particularly. President Madison sent an expedition of naval and land forces to take possession of the island, and the Congress of the next year (1820) passed the act which declares the slave trade to be piracy. There is reason to believe that this was done not in hostility to slave property, but to the pirates who had engaged in the trade. The previous law had interdicted the importation into the United States, and there was no doubt also a purpose by the act of 1820 to render the prohibition of 1818 more effectual.

If considerations of public safety or interest warranted the termination of the trade, they could not justify the government in branding as infamous the source from which the chief part of our laboring population was derived.

It is this feature of the law which makes it offensive to us, and stimulates us to strive for its repeal. What, let me ask, has been its result? It has magnified the horrors of the middle passage; it has led us to an alliance with Great Britain, by which we are bound to keep a naval squadron on the deadly coast of Africa, where American sailors are sacrificed to a foreign policy, urged under the false plea of humanity; it has destroyed a lucrative trade for ivory, oil and gold dust, which our merchants had long conducted with the inhabitants of the coast, and transferred it to our commercial rivals, the British. Truly have we gone "out a shearing to come home shorn." The manner, as I have been informed, in which our trade has been destroyed is generally this: An American vessel of the character which engages in that trade, when boarded by a British cruiser on the coast of Africa, if she shows the flag and papers of an American trader, will be turned over to a vessel of our squadron, and probably be sent home for trial as pirates; but if her flag and papers are thrown overboard, then, the slave trade not being piracy by the law of nations (notwithstanding our statute), the vessel is held as the prize of her captors, and the officers and crew are discharged. A recent instance has occurred in which a vessel sent home for trial was discharged on the ground that the circumstances did not warrant the conclusion that she visited the coast of Africa to engage in the slave trade.

My friend Senator Clay, of Alabama (his services entitle him to the friendship of the South), as Chairman of the Committee of Commerce, instituted, at the last session of Congress, an inquiry into the facts connected with the maintenance of our squadron on the coast of Africa, and I hope his energy and ability may lead to the annulment of a treaty which has been productive only of evil.

Regarding the slave trade as sanctioned by the immemorial usage of mankind, as a commerce recognised by the Constitution, but which, from motives of internal policy, it was thought proper to prohibit, and conceding that sufficient power for that purpose existed in the General Government, it may well be asked whether the fine of the act of 1818 is not excessive—does not so far exceed the offence as, at least, to be impolitic. In our land of liberty and jury trials, laws, to be efficient, must not violate the settled, well-considered public opinion, nor go so far between the legitimate object as to wear the semblance of vindictive pursuit, lest they thus excite the heat of a generous people to sympathy with the offender. It will be a sad day for our government, and for the public morals, when unwise legislation shall drive juries to the practical nullification of laws.

I have said that I would prefer to leave the subject of the importation of African slaves to the States respectively; but, viewing it as utterly impracticable to obtain the repeal of the act of 1818, so as to reopen the African slave trade, it is perhaps needless to speak of the case which would arise in such contingency. Yet, as my purpose is the freest interchange of opinions, I will say that, in such event, the State being left free from any Congressional intervention on the subject, my policy would be to maintain the existing law of Mississippi, which was designed, and would no doubt be effective, to prevent the importation of Africans into the limits of our State. Let no one, however, suppose that this indicates any coincidence of opinion with those who prate of the inhumanity and sinfulness of the trade. No consequence which would justify such denunciation can flow from the transfer of a slave from a savage to a Christian master. It is not the interest of the African, but of Mississippi, which dictates my conclusion. Her place in history, her rank among the States, her power to maintain constitutional and natural rights, depend upon her people—the free, intelligent, high-minded sons of the governing race.

Her arm is no doubt strengthened by the presence of a due proportion of the servile caste, but it might be paralyzed by such an influx as would probably follow if the gates of the African slave market were thrown open to the present wealth, enterprise and staple stimulants of the State. I, would prefer a policy which would promote the more equal distribution of those we now have.

This conclusion in relation to Mississippi is based upon my view of her present condition, not upon any general theory. For instance, it is not supposed to be applicable to Texas, to New Mexico, or to any future acquisitions to be made south of the Rio Grande.

All of these countries can only be developed by slave labor in some of its forms, and which, with a sufficient supply of African slaves, would be made tributary to the great mission of the United States, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to establish peace and free trade with all mankind.

SLAVERY RIGHT—NEGROES INCAPABLE OF FREEDOM.

It was said of the members of a once powerful family which gave kings to Europe that they "learned nothing and forgot nothing." If we credit the anti-slavery agitators with sincerity, such would seem to be their condition. Though investigation and experiment have disproved the assertions and refuted the theories on which their movement commenced, they neither learn the correction nor forget exploded errors unsubstantially founded upon the popular phrases which they have brought into disrepute by constant misapplication. A declaration of rights made by bodies politic is construed as an essay upon the individual relations of men to man. Arguing to their own satisfaction for the unity in origin of the races of man, they draw thence the conclusion of his present equality. If the premises be correct, the conclusion is surely a *non sequitur*, and the student of facts as they exist in our time will not be disturbed in his inquiries. As to him, it matters not whether Almighty power and wisdom stamped inversity on the races of men at the period of the creation or decreed it after the subsidence of the flood. It is enough for us that the Creator, speaking through the inspired lips of Noah, declared the destiny of the three races of men. Around and about us is the remarkable fulfilment of the prophecy, the execution of the decree, and the justification of our literal construction of the text.

The judgments of God are not as those of man. To the former all things are accommodated, and the fate of the subject is thereby his nature, but the victim of man's decree rebels and struggles against his condition.

When the Spaniards discovered this continent and reduced the sons of Shem to bondage, unsuited to that condition, they pined and rapidly wasted away in unproductive labor. The good Bishop Las Casas, with philosophical humanity, inaugurated the importation of the race of Ham; they came to relieve from an unnatural state the dwellers in tents, and to fulfil their own destiny, that of being the "servants of servants." In their normal condition, they thrived, and by their labor the land was subdued and made fruitful. The West India Islands became marvels for their productiveness, and so continued until man, assuming to reverse the working of nature's laws, gave to the black a boon he could not utilize or estimate save as it brought to him slothful or vicious indulgence, and thus, remanding him to barbarism, robbed him of the plenty, the comfort and the civilization with which in servitude he was blessed. Reckless, indeed, must that man be who, in the face of the results which have followed negro emancipation in the West Indies and Hispano America, would seek, under similar circumstances, to repeat the experiment.

It is a common and natural mistake to attribute to others the sentiments and feelings which move ourselves, but this is only excusable as the basis of political action, in the absence of more reliable data. The history of man, traced back to the period which has left none other than pictorial records, exhibits the negro in all times as the subservient race. Nowhere has he shown capacity to found civil government. At no time has he asserted his equality by separating himself from the master race, to establish an independent community of his own. In the Northern States, where a false sentiment has prevailed, and the greatest efforts have been made by enthusiasts to raise the negro to social equality, he is still subjected to such odious discriminations as persons fit to be free would not for a day voluntarily endure. For far less cause the Puritans embarked for the inhospitable shores of New England, and the Huguenots penetrated the swamps of Carolina, with no sustaining hand to aid and to guide them. The world bears witness to the triumphs which both have achieved.

How stands the case of the negro, in the non-slaveholding States? Free to go in advance of settlement, into the wilderness of the West, and there to found a colony of their own, exempt from the inferiority they must ever experience while in contact with the white man, they have continued to hang about the towns and cities, and generally to gain their subsistence by menial service to the white race.

But speculative philanthropy imagined that if a colony were established in the land of his forefathers, the African would there exhibit his capacity for self-government. With this view, in 1816, a Colonization Society was formed. Its purpose was the transfer of the free blacks from the United States to the coast of Africa, and the benign promise was the diffusion among their barbarian brethren of the civilization and Christianity which these colonists had acquired through servitude in America.

The experiment was made under the most favorable circumstances. The colonists had been trained to industry and order, and were, it must be inferred from the circumstances, of the best class of their race. The Society embraced in its lists of members many of the first men of our country, and the zeal with which their purpose was pursued would have won success if it had been attainable. Munificent donations by individuals, liberal aid by the churches, heavy expenditures by the General Government have buoyed this colony up from its infancy to the present day. What have been the results? Upon the authority of a seemingly friendly and fair writer, giving an account of Liberia as he found it, it appears that in 1858, thirty-eight years after its settlement, the whole population was less than the number of emigrants by thirty-three per cent; that they have few domestic animals; that the great body of the Liberians do not obtain a supply of animal food sufficient for daily use; that in a country well suited to agriculture, more than half of the inhabitants are living on quarter-acre lots; that the natives or wild Africans do the work of beasts of burden; that the colonists import a large part of their subsistence, which is paid for by trade with the natives, toward whom no feeling of common brotherhood is evinced; that Liberia, called in all gravity a Republic, "may be said to live by the labor (and on the alms) of foreigners."

Is it kindness, is it charity, is it sound policy, to transfer a useful and happy body of laborers from the protection of our laws, and the benefit of our civilization, that they may possess a liberty they cannot enjoy, suffer a privation for which to them no political privilege is an adequate compensation, and finally, when left to themselves, lapse into the barbarism of their ancestors? If to this view it is objected that the reasoning does not embrace the condition of those who have a worthless population of free negroes among them, I can only reply that the difference of view depends upon the stand-point, and that such answer to my argument vindicates our institution of African bondage from the assaults which have been made upon it, by proving that the good of society requires that the negro should be kept in his normal condition.

It has been so long the habit to speak of African slavery as an evil only to be excused because forced upon us, and now irremediable—so many well-meaning persons have confounded the policy of other times and circumstances with the obligations of morality—that it has come to pass that our property in the labor of Africans is regarded as an exception to the general obligation of the government to protect; and hence the laws which have been enacted to restrain within prescribed limits a property which, by recognition of the Constitution, was placed upon the same footing throughout the United States as other property, the right to hold which is everywhere recognized by the common usage of mankind. We have been sometimes reminded that the word "slavery" is not to be found in the Constitution, and it has been assumed to be evidence of hostility to that tenure of labor which is so denominated. A most illogical conclusion, in view of the fact that the Constitution treats of that condition not only as an existing right of property, but as an element in the future basis of representation in the General Government. A more rational deduction, from the avoidance of the term in an instrument so remarkable for the accuracy of the language employed, would be that the word was considered a misnomer. If to restrain the vagrant, the vicious, and the incompetent, the possession of liberty by whom would be dangerous to society and injurious to themselves, be slavery, then all civil government might be arraigned for having established that condition, and from the work-houses, the penitentiaries, the reform-schools, and the asylums, a cloud of degraded and unfortunate witnesses could be brought to sustain the arraignment. But if it be said these were incarcerated after being adjudged to be lunatics, or for crimes wherof they had been duly convicted, may we not ask if it be philanthropy to expose a race, known to be unfit to take care of themselves, to trials beneath which they must generally sink, that in the fulness of time, and after being duly adjudged, they may end their days in the prison or the mad-house.

In each case the good of society is the object, and the justification is to be found in the adaptation of the means to the end. The difference of rule results from the different capacities of the races; the exceptions in the one being those who are unfit for self-government; the exceptions in the other being those who are fit to be free.

It would be easy to show that our system for the control of an incompetent caste is in every respect better than would be a system of work-houses, public-labor farms or reform-schools, as the permanent connection and interest of the master must induce to a discipline more parental than would be that of the constable or superintendent having but a temporary and official relation.

## Selections.

### *THE SERF QUESTION IN RUSSIA.*

Correspondence of The London Times.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 27.

SERFDOM in Russia is a modification, and a very slight one, of absolute slavery. The serf cannot be sold away from the estate on which he was born, such estate being valued, not for the quantity of its acres, but for the number of serfs attached thereto. The master may not inflict capital punishment, and must provide his serfs with food and houses—if the wretched hovels they inhabit are worthy of that name. With these exceptions, the master's powers are absolute. The serf cannot marry without his lord's consent, though early marriages are encouraged, their produce being valuable. The owner can inflict corporal punishment, give the serf any amount of labor, or lease his services to another master.

During the reign of the late Emperor no attention was paid to the condition of the serf. For Imperial purposes he was simply so much food for powder. Constant requisitions of serfs to serve in the ranks; generally at the rate of seven, eight or ten per thousand. These requisitions were made in the autumn, after the harvest, or in early winter. The serf was sent at his master's cost to the appointed depôt for recruits, frequently at a considerable distance from the estate. Such was the desire to escape military service, and so great the mortality on the way from neglect, insufficient clothing, and bad food, that in order to secure the arrival of the required number at the depôt, half as many more were despatched from the estate. On reaching the depôt, the serf was handed over to the barber and deprived of the mass of hair—nature's preservative against cough and catarrh—in which his chin and throat had been enveloped from early manhood. His whisker was shaven close to the ear and he was sent to drill. This naturally produced great mortality from pulmonary, throat and chest diseases. The survivors, being enlisted for twenty-five years, generally finished their career in the military service.

No sooner was the present Emperor relieved from the war than he turned his attention to the serf question. He shortened the term of enlistment, and, in consideration of the enormous sacrifice of life which the defence of Sebastopol had entailed, he promised that no new levy of men should be made for a considerable period. This promise has been strictly fulfilled, not a single recruit having been raised throughout Russia since the treaty of Paris was signed. Active, intelligent and kind-hearted, Alexander II. saw and felt how necessary it was to relieve his empire from the stigma of slavery, and how much more powerful he would become as the ruler of sixty millions of freemen. He knew that his views would be opposed by the old Russian party, who maintain that Russia wants hands, not land, and declare that the serfs once emancipated would soon become the masters. He therefore determined to proceed cautiously and slowly. Committees were organized in every province in the empire for the purpose of considering the question in all its bearings. At the head of the central committee the Emperor placed Count Orloff, the leader of the old Russian party, and whose name carries the greatest weight among them. Though the Count disapproved the Imperial plans, his opposition was thus silenced and his concurrence obtained. The largest proportion of members composing these committees was nominated by the proprietors, the remainder being appointed by the Governors-General of the different provinces. The determination of the Emperor is, first, that in the course of twelve or fifteen years serfdom shall be entirely abolished, and the serf shall be a free man; secondly, that the house in which he has been living and a small portion of land shall become his property, or that of a free community whereof he is a member. This house and land are to be paid for either in labor or some other manner, and the committees are to report as to the best mode of arrangement.

Not satisfied with the mere appointment of committees, the Emperor last year made a tour through a great portion of his dominions, and placed himself in direct communication with the land-owners, encouraging the willing and rebuking the froward. The greater number of these committees have already made their reports to headquarters at St. Petersburg. They have also elected sub-committees to proceed to the capital, where they will form one grand general committee, whose duty it will be to consider the reports and decide on some plan to be laid before the Emperor. The committees are nearly unanimous in admitting the feasibility of the question submitted to them, but great difficulties have been raised as to the proposition to endow the serf with his house and land. Some suggest that the serfs on each estate shall be placed in a village to be formed at one corner of the property, their houses being transported there, or wood given to them for building new ones. Others contend that the serf should be set entirely free without land or house. The ground for these objections consists in the fact that an immense number of serfs reside in the immediate vicinity of the land-owners' *châteaux*. If each of these becomes the owner of his house and land, the lords declare they will become prisoners in their castles, and will cease to be the owners of their estates. The government replies that if the serf be freed without house or land he will starve before obtaining employment; and it fears that if the masters be permitted to fix the sites for the proposed villages, the emancipated serfs will be but ill lodged. Meanwhile, the papers daily report the speeches made by the members of the various committees at the close of their labors, on which they comment in very fair style.

The war proved a great civiliser for many of the serfs. The blockade threw out of employment an immense number of laborers at St. Petersburg, whose curiosity became excited as to the events of the day. Those who had received some education spent their mornings in reading bulletins, &c., to their fellow-workmen. At the various pot-houses near the mills the landlords gave refreshments gratis to those officials who read the paper aloud, so as to attract customers. The demand caused an increase in the supply, and at this moment there are fifty or sixty daily, weekly and monthly papers published at St. Petersburg, three-quarters of which are written in Russian, and by far the greater portion started since the war. The most reliable information and the most free discussion are to be found in the Russian rather than in the French or German papers. The government seems anxious that the internal condition of the empire should be fully discussed at home, without permitting the rest of Europe to take part in the debate. Russian local papers are also to be found throughout the entire empire; indeed, there is hardly a government without one. In the St. Petersburg papers we find pretty fair reports of the proceedings in the English Parliament, translations of articles from *The Times*, accounts of the late war in Italy, comments on the home and foreign affairs, &c. I will give you a sample, and take the *St. Peterbrughsky Vedomosty* of Friday last, the 22d inst., from which I translate the following intelligence:

"Within the last few days reports of the committees for the improvement of the position of the serfs have been signed in the governments of Kourak, Olonets and Orenburg. In a letter to the editor of the *Moskovsky Vedomotz*, on the close of the labors of the first of these committees, it is stated that every member, while giving his opinion on this important matter, always remembered that on him were imposed the duties both of a Christian and of a citizen, and that in recording his vote he was bound to unite the principles which should govern him in both characters, without swerving to the right or to the left. At a dinner given at the close of the Olonetz Committee, Mr. Zommer, among other remarks, observed: 'This excellent work (the liberation of the serfs) requires the impulse of a clear conscience as well as the strictest impartiality. But, however holy may be our motives, and however pure and well intentioned our labors, yet they are subject to the judgment of others. The judgment of our monarch, who has called upon us to fulfil his will and that of Providence, does not alarm us. It will be a wise and a just judgment. He may discover imperfections natural to all works of mortals, but he will find nothing contrary to conscience or to honor. A more important judgment is that of our own fraternity, which may be founded on their different views and connections.' Again, at the closing of the Orenburg Committee, the Civil Governor, Acting Councillor of State Baranoffsky, bore witness that in their report a wish to maintain the establishment of the land-owners was closely combined with an endeavor to improve the condition of the peasants in every respect."

The same paper contains a copy of a letter written to the *Samarsky Goubernsky Vedomosty* by Leonty Turgeneff, a member of the committee. His cause of complaint seems fair. Each sub-committee appointed to proceed to St. Petersburg receives an allowance for travelling expenses. Some of the sub-committee appointed by the Samarsky General Committee consisted of members who had been nominated by the government. The General Committee, however, confined the allowance for travelling expenses (some 2,000 or 3,000 miles) to those members of the sub-committee who had been appointed by the proprietors, leaving the government nominees to find their way to the capital as best they could. Leonty Turgeneff objected to this, and appears to have been snubbed. But let him tell his own story:

"I protested before the committee when I was given to understand that my proceeding was insulting, and I was threatened with the judgment of my fellow nobility. Highly respecting the opinion of the honorable order to which I have the pleasure to belong, and being always ready to submit to it, I take the opportunity of making this public appeal. I am perfectly ready to acknowledge that such an opinion pronounced openly is worth infinitely more than any secret tittle-tattle over a fireside, the infallible consequence of which is that the conversation ceases as soon as its object enters the room. In fact, he is very often informed that his praises have formed the subject of discourse. I openly confess that I fear that sort of judgment, and, finding my only safeguard in publicity, I turn to you, sir, with a request that you will publish this letter in your journal."

In fact, he "writes to the *Times*," and appeals from the judgment of a clique to that of a general public. In the same journal the Paris correspondent alludes to the strong anti-English feeling prevailing in France since the Emperor's return from Italy. He quotes the following *impromptu* as having been written by an author whose drama *apropos* of the war had been forbidden on account of the improved relations between Austria and France:

"Le sais: l'aut pt dans la poutry.
Changeons les costumes et les noms
Et l'an prochain tous les canons
Serviront contre l'Angleterre."

I could multiply these extracts *ad infinitum*, but I have quoted enough to prove with what comparative freedom both home and foreign affairs are now canvassed in Russia. The serf question has advanced so far toward a solution that retrogression is impossible. The Emperor is honestly determined to carry out his views. The younger nobility afford their full support. The serfs themselves have learnt they have rights as well as duties, and, though the old Russian party may delay and obstruct, they cannot prevent the final result. Already has a great change taken place among the peasants. Temperance societies have been formed throughout the Empire. The peasants meet in communal councils (*merskia shodki*), and award personal chastisement to those who relapse into habits of drunkenness. The farmers of Excise duties have become alarmed at the enormous diminution in consumption of vodka, and have petitioned the government. A circular has consequently been issued by the Minister of the Interior, addressed to the Provincial Governors. His Excellency declares that:

"Sobriety deserves to be encouraged, as the best means of preserving the health and morality of the people Whenever, therefore, the peasants pass resolutions for abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors, they must not be hindered in so laudable a design, provided that the individuals who take the pledge do not attempt to punish those who differ from them, thereby arrogating to themselves a power which the law does not recognize."

This is sound advice; and if the temperance movement continue to make the rapid progress that has hitherto marked its steps, Russia may hope before long to be freed from her greatest curse, the curse of drunkenness.

### *COLORED PEOPLE AND THE CARS.*

*To the Editor of the North American and U. S. Gazette.*

SIR: As a colored man, and constant reader of your paper, allow me a brief corner in your columns to make a few remarks on the sore grievance of genteel colored people in being excluded from the city passenger railroad cars, except they choose to "stand on the front platform, with the driver."

However long the distance they may have to go, or great their hurry—however unwell or aged, genteel or neatly attired—however hot, cold or stormy the weather—however few in the cars, as the masses of the colored people now understand it, they are unceremoniously excluded.

Of course my own humble opinion will weigh but little with yourself and readers (being, as I am, of the proscribed class) as to whether it is reasonable or unreasonable, just or unjust, as to whether it is a loss or a gain to railroad companies, thus to exclude colored people. Nevertheless, pardon me for saying that this severe proscription, for some unaccountable reason, is carried to an extent in Philadelphia unparalleled in any of the leading cities of this Union. This is not imagination or an exaggerated assertion.

In New Orleans, colored people—slaves as well as free—ride in all the city cars and omnibuses. In Cincinnati, colored women are accommodated in the city omnibuses, but colored men are proscribed to a certain extent. In Chicago it may be safely said that not the slightest proscription exists in the public conveyances of that flourishing city. In New York, Brooklyn, &c. (except on one or two of the New York city passenger lines), there is not the slightest barrier to any persons riding, on account of complexion. There is no obstruction in the way of colored persons riding in any of the Boston cars or omnibuses.

I need not allude to cities of minor importance, whether favorable or unfavorable, North or South. Sufficient are the facts in the examples of the cities already alluded to to make it a very painfully serious inquiry with intelligent colored people, why it is so in Philadelphia, the city of "Brotherly Love," so noted as the bulwark of the "Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers," so noted as one of the leading cities in the Union in great religious and benevolent enterprises, so pre-eminently favorable to elevating the heathen in Africa, while forgetful of those in their very precincts—those who are taxed to support the very highways that they are rejected from.

But doubtless, on a hurried consideration of the claims of the colored people, serious objections would be found by railroad boards and others, under the erroneous impression that the vicinity of St. Mary, Bedford, Seventh and Lombard streets, &c., furnishes a sample of the great body of colored people residing in Philadelphia.

While compelled by truth to admit that there is some room for fear from these localities—that, in viewing the gross intemperance, filth and wretchedness abounding so largely, in which hundreds are hopelessly degraded, the innocent should have to suffer, it is, perhaps, no more than might be expected, yet it is an undeniable fact that the chief source of degradation comes from rum. The rum comes from the licensed or unlicensed groggeries, who hold out their alluring cup for the sake of ready change, which they are sure to get, after which they turn their customers on the street, to appear hideous to all beholders. I need not say that these groggeries, low and degrading as they may be, are not licensed by colored men, nor in one case in twenty are they kept by colored men.

Hence, common charity would seem to dictate that some other class should be charged with a portion of this loathsome state of things, so much dreaded. (A hint to the wise is sufficient.)

Now, having frankly admitted the degradation of Seventh and St. Mary streets, &c., which has been a thousand times held up to the world by the press, not only of Philadelphia, but almost of the entire country, to the disgrace of every colored man in the country, I beg, Mr. Editor, to respectfully add, that the inhabitants of this ill-fated region are by no means a fair sample of the twenty thousand colored people of Philadelphia. The gulf between them and the great mass of the industrious colored people is well nigh as marked as was the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, in the parable; as I shall attempt to demonstrate here, besides volunteering further to prove, by circular testimony, if any of your readers choose to condescend to accompany me to parts and places where the decent portions of colored people reside; to the eighteen or twenty colored churches, with their Sabbath schools; to at least twenty day schools, of a public and private character; to the dozens of beneficial societies, united for the mutual support of their sick and disabled members; to the neat and genteelly furnished three-story brick houses, owned, occupied and paid taxes for, almost entirely by colored people—on Rodman street, Ronaldson street and Washington street; to observe the extent of valuable property owned on South and Lombard streets (in the most respectable part of those streets); to examine some of the stores (they may not be large) kept by colored men (of which more will be said presently); to pass those living in respectable houses, elegantly furnished, houses alone worth from five to ten thousand dollars; likewise leaving out the many in various other parts of the city, where industrious, sober and decent people live, and own considerable real estate. I think abundant evidence may be found in the directions alluded to, to convince the most prejudiced against the colored man that he is by no means so sadly degraded and miserably poor as the public have generally been led to suppose, from all that has been said of him in connection with the degraded localities alluded to before.

Previously I alluded to stores, &c., and will now refer more particularly to a few in my own immediate neighborhood, which is on South street, between Eighth and Ninth streets. Just in the square, there are six or seven stores—five of furniture, stoves, &c., one confectionary, and one small trimming store. I am sure these places are neatly and well kept, are well stocked generally, and their owners are active, intelligent and sober business men. Indeed, I might with propriety add, in this connection, also on South street, below Eighth street, the colored tailor, shoemaker, furniture store keeper, and the dealer in crockery ware and fancy articles, may be found now where they have been for years, creditably following these pursuits; also, above Ninth street, in South, carpenters, tailors and shoemakers are actually doing credit to their craft—comfortably supporting their families, educating their children, and leading lives of respectability.

But what avails all this? Why further add in this direction? I fear you will say, Mr. Editor. Suppose Stephen Smith, who is reported to be worth a quarter of a million of dollars, with his tens of thousands of dollars invested in bank stocks, railroad stocks, &c., &c., having for so many years been well known among business men as an extensive lumber and coal merchant, dealer in real estate, &c., with taxes amounting to nearly two thousand dollars per annum to pay, should enter a car, still, being colored, be would just be assigned the "front platform," to stand up by the driver. Again, suppose Miss Greenfield (the Black Swan) wished to enjoy a ride to Fairmount; never mind, she must stand on the "front platform, by the driver," too. The fact that her extraordinary acquirements as a vocalist have won for her the very highest distinction, both in this country and Europe does actually weigh nothing when entering a city passenger railroad car—the front platform is the place for all that the Creator chose to make with a dark skin.

But I will now relieve your patience, trusting, ere long, decent colored men and women will find the same privileges in the city cars [illegible] cars of Philadelphia that are extended to colored men and women in other cities.

Philadelphia, August 30, 1859. W. S.

### *THE WEST INDIAN WHITE MAN.*

THE greatest good of the greatest number is held to be sound democratic doctrine. It is considered among us to be a "glittering generality," only when black men are in question. Unless we made this exception, it would, in some sections of the country, as in South Carolina, for instance, be altogether subversive of that divine order of society which, as good Christians, we are bound to uphold in preference to a democratic order of mere human invention. We do not mean here to dispute these great principles of our Republic. But in looking at West India emancipation, we must endeavor to disabuse our minds of American notions, and consider the subject from the British stand-point. After a half-century's agitation of the question whether a negro is properly man or merchandise, Great Britain permitted herself to be influenced so far in his behalf as to decide in favor of his humanity. We are not discussing the wisdom, the morality or the Christianity of this British prejudice, but looking at it simply as a fact. She had in her West Indian Colonies something more than a million of subjects, of whom 123,000 only were whites, the rest negroes—all slaves excepting only about 150,000. She chose to make a practical application of the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number—infringing thereby, if you will, on our patent in an offensive manner—regarding them all as men and subjects, she freed the 760,000 bondmen. If, when they ceased to be slaves, they became happier, more contented, and better black men, considered simply as black men, then, so far, British emancipation was successful. If there be any weight in human testimony, that fact must be granted as proved.

If that great experiment, then, was unsuccessful at all, it was only as regards the whites. If this also be taken for granted, we still have as a net result the prosperity of 123,000 men sacrificed to the prosperity of 760,000 other men. As human affairs go, it is not a bad balance-sheet. Within the last fifty years the policy of the government of the United States has been changed, we will not venture to say how many times, in relation to banks and tariffs; but never, in any change, has the sacrifice of the few to the many been so small, while not unfrequently the sacrifice has been of the many to the few. Yet certainly our experiment at governing, as regards the material welfare of the whole people, has been successful. Let us be equally candid toward our neighbors. We insist again, and very emphatically, that in weighing a British act we must look at it with British eyes; and if that government chose to consider her West Indian subjects as one people, for whose interests and welfare as a whole she was bound to legislate, without regard to small class interests, except to protect them from useless sacrifice, it is neither reasonable nor just in us to thrust in as an element of the question our American prejudice in favor of that one class and against the other, and predicate our conclusions upon that alone. A forced discontinuance of the royal privilege, in an African chief, to bake any one of his subjects whose condition promised good eating, would no doubt be considered by him and his court, and the chiefs and courts of neighboring tribes, as an infringement upon a royal and time-honored prerogative; but for those who might at any time be called upon, not to eat, but to be eaten, we fancy the abatement of that custom might, on the whole, be properly considered as advantageous. The abolition of baking in such a case should be considered as a civil polity with reference to the whole, and not simply in regard to the bakers alone. This, we take it, is sound political economy, even in reference to "niggers," whether raw or roasted.

When the British government compelled one-seventh of her colonial subjects to forego certain privileges—to use an inoffensive term—which hitherto, for a century or two, they had enjoyed at the expense of the other six-sevenths, if it was the misfortune of the smaller class, it was also their fault. It was their fault that, in spite of long years of warning and remonstrance, they insisted upon remaining slaveholders. The evils that followed, if there were any, were not because slavery was at length abolished, but because it had been allowed to exist so long. That some evils did ensue when affairs were brought to a crisis, we are not so foolish as to deny. Legislation affecting class-interests always produces temporary disarrangement and individual distress. These have been ruined in our own country by so small a thing as the abolition of a duty on salt; foreign trade and domestic manufactures have each, in their turn, been paralyzed, and those dependent on them reduced to poverty, by a change in the policy of the government. The change may be right or wrong; this immediate result is always the same. But that fact proves nothing. As well say that machinery is a curse, because a planing-machine, a reaper, a power-press, a power-loom or a sewing-machine have thrown workmen out of employment who hitherto had done clumsily with their hands what is now done so deftly and so wonderfully with arms of iron and fingers of steel. We might safely grant that West India emancipation ruined the planters, and yet grant nothing to the argument.

Only the fact happens to be that it did no such thing. They were ruined long before, if at all, while slavery existed. Ruin would, indeed, be found to be, as it was in some of the West India colonies, the normal condition of most slaveholding countries depending entirely upon that system, should their affairs come to be suddenly wound up. Especially was this the case in Jamaica. The decadence of that colony is relied upon as an evidence of the disastrous effects of emancipation, while the historical fact is decay preceded that act by half a century. Beckford, a pro-slavery writer, who published in 1790 a work upon this island, which he left thirteen years before, says that "a great number of the estates were in the hands of the mortgagees in possession," and that he never knew a property of this sort, even where it was large and the debt small, that was redeemed. So long ago as this, the planters were complaining of the ruinous condition of the colony, and appealing to the Home government for aid. Their cry for succor continued even in the time of Jamaica's greatest apparent prosperity, in the early years of this century; and in 1830, Mr. Bright said, in relation to a petition to Parliament from the West India merchants and planters for relief, "The distress of the West India colonial body is unparalleled in the country. Many families who formerly lived in comparative affluence are reduced to absolute penury." "They could not," Lord Chandos said, on presenting the petition, "bear up against such a pressure any longer." This was eight years before slavery was abolished. The "pressure" was the accumulated weight of half a century of debt and decay, and could be borne no longer. Undoubtedly there was approaching ruin, but it was the ruin of an interest and not of an island, of a class and not of a community. The distinction is important, and it is well to keep it in mind.

We will not stop now to consider whether Jamaica and the sugar interest are one and the same thing, and whether, when one goes to the bad, the other must go also. But croaking doughfaces and growling overseers, ignorant of the previous history of Jamaica, choose to take the sugar returns of that island as an evidence of the rapid decline of the whole West Indies since the slaves were made free laborers. We grant the decline, but date it half a century earlier. We grant that the statistics of sugar are in evidence of that decline; but we take the liberty of looking at them not merely since 1838, but since 1800. They will be found instructive. The figures show that any ruin which has fallen upon that island commenced even before the abol

## THE JERRY RESCUE.

### LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', August 27, 1859.

JOHN THOMAS, Esq., Syracuse, Chairman of the Jerry Rescue Committee.

MY DEAR SIR: I have this day received your letter inviting me to preside at the approaching anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry, and to prepare the papers for it. Thankful for this honor as I truly am, nevertheless I am constrained to decline it. I have presided at all the anniversaries of this important event, and written the address adopted at each of them. But my interest in them has declined greatly for the last two or three years; and I am now decidedly of the opinion *that it is unwise to continue to repeat the farce any longer.*

The Rescue of Jerry was a great and glorious event. Would to God it had been duly improved! But those who achieved it, and I include in this number all who cheered it on and rejoiced in every step of its progress, have, with few exceptions, proved themselves unworthy of the work of their own hands. We delivered Jerry in the face of the authority of Congress and courts; and, as most of us believed, in contempt also of a provision of the Constitution itself. We delivered him, believing that there was no law and could be no law for slavery. On that occasion our humanity was up; and in vain would all the authorities on earth, even the Bible itself included, have bid it down. Our humanity owned Jerry for its brother; and so did it cling to him, that all the wealth of the world would not have sufficed to buy it off, or tempt it to ignore and betray him.

Oh, had the thousands who, on that memorable night, crowded the streets of Syracuse, but maintained that sublime elevation to which the spirit of the night exalted them, what a force for the overthrow of slavery would they not have accumulated by this time! But they soon fell from it. They soon sunk down to the low level of their political and church parties. Jerry was forgotten. Their humanity was dead—for these parties are the graves of humanity. In proportion as a man becomes a partisan is his manhood lost—for in that proportion is he untrue to himself, to his brother and to God. That day, alas how distant! when every one shall be held, and be willing to be held, to his individuality, shall witness an unspeakably better condition of things than does this, in which men act in parties, and stand in the strength of parties; and in which the vaguely and feebly felt responsibilities of party take the place of the definite and deeply conscious responsibilities of the individual. When our countrymen shall have risen to this higher plane of character there will be Christians instead of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians; and Patriots instead of Republicans, Democrats and native Americans.

Of the thousands who, on the glorious night to which we have referred, were actuated by Justice and mercy, probably not less than nineteen-twentieths fell, immediately after, under those ecclesiastical or political party influences which had previously swayed and shrivelled them. Of the thousands whose motto that glorious night was, "No law for slavery," perhaps not a dozen have called on their churches to adopt it, and not fifty have perseveringly refused to vote for men who recognize a law for slavery. At each of our anniversaries the resolutions and addresses and the discussion upon them have been in harmony with the high and holy principles on which Jerry was rescued. Nevertheless, the vast majority of those who enjoyed the anniversaries returned home to act with their pro-slavery parties in Church and State.

"Jerry Rescuers" voting for men who acknowledge a law for slavery! I see not but that they are as basely inconsistent as are our Temperance Societies, forty-nine fiftieths of the members of which, whilst prating for "prohibition," vote for candidates who oppose it. Indeed, always excepting an anniversary of the New York State Temperance Society, I do not know a greater or more shameless or more pernicious hypocrisy than an anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry.

By the way, I see that a gentleman of fine talents and high culture, and marked ability as a writer, is called on to write the history of the temperance reformation. For my own part I had far rather that this history were hidden than published. For, if truly written, what is the great fact it will perpetuate? what but the infinitely disgraceful one that the temperance men, though very ready to talk up and write up their cause, were as ever ready to vote it down? *The cause of temperance in this country is dead.* In vain all the efforts of Temperance Societies and temperance newspapers and temperance lecturers to galvanize it into life. Never was the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks increasing so rapidly. All that have any discernment must see that it is this boundless inconsistency and unprincipledness at the ballot-box which has killed this dear cause; and that it can never be revived by temperance societies and temperance newspapers and temperance lecturers that go for the election of rum-drinkers. Such *stupendous and shameless hypocrisies* must give place to agencies characterized by sincerity and self-denial before temperance can come to life.

Oh, no, let not the history of either the temperance cause or the anti-slavery cause be written with the view of honoring their professed friends. *They have both been killed at the ballot-box by those friends.* If written at all, let it be with the purpose of warning the world against hypocrisies.

To return from this digression, let me, my friend, again say that we had better give up the celebration of the Rescue of Jerry. The thing is quite too great and good for us. Earnest and honest men are alone suited to it. We Jerry Rescuers are mean men and sham men. Dear Jerry's sainted spirit can take no pleasure in this our grand annual hypocrisy. The Savior, whom he so heartily obeys and so faithfully followed to his last years, can have no sympathy with it. The cause of freedom is disgraced and hindered, instead of being honored and promoted, by it.

Let us stand aside; and then perhaps consistent men and honest men and high-souled men will ere long come up to take our place. One of the most beautiful scenes that could bless my sight would be a Jerry Rescue Anniversary conducted by men who would as soon stay in a brothel as in a church that recognizes a law for slavery; and who would as soon vote for men who recognize a law for sheep-stealing as for men who acknowledge that a judicial decree or a statute or even a Constitution can create any obligation to protect and honor man-stealing.

In short, let us who talk well against slavery stand aside for those who will vote well against it. Let our professions make room for their practise, and our hypocrisy for their sincerity.

Men make light of the crime of voting wrong, and yet there is no other crime so full of the heaviest oppression. Quite bad enough is it when, in my private or individual dealings with my fellow-man, I oppress him. But when I vote against his rights, as I do when I vote for candidates who hold that there may be a valid and obligatory and real law for his slavery, or who hold that there can be such a law for his slavery, or who hold that there can be such a law for dram-selling, such a law for making and keeping him a drunkard, then I vote to array the government and the collective people against him; then I vote not that I may wrong him—not that I, with such comparatively insignificant powers as an individual can summon, may oppress him, but that a whole State, a whole nation, may fall upon him and crush him. Churches and parties may be stone blind to it; nevertheless Heaven sees that this voting against human rights, and this voting temptations in the way of the weak, constitute the mightiest wrong that men are capable of perpetrating.

Much is said and written against the breaking of human laws. But they are entitled to obedience only so far as they are one with those Divine laws which cannot be broken. "The law of his God" was Daniel's only law. No friend of God knows any other law. Apostles answered and said: "We ought to obey God rather than men"; so too, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." How senseless and wicked is this declamation against trampling under foot these human laws, that are no laws. To such trampling are the nations indebted for the instances of their greatest progress. Often, indeed, have the nations found it their only salvation. How shameless the hypocrisy of our countrymen! Whilst glorying in the historical fact that our fathers were ready to take up arms against laws imposing petty taxes on tea and paper, they nevertheless rolled up the whites of their eyes in holy horror at refusals to obey laws, if laws they can be called, which sink innocent men, women and children in the hell of slavery.

The rescuers of Jerry were called rebels. But the rebellion in the case was chargeable not on them, but on the government. It was the government and not the rescuers, who were guilty of resisting law. The law in the case was the right of every innocent man to his personal liberty. That law the rescuers upheld, and against it did the government rebel. What if its rebellion was carried on under the form of law? none the less was it rebellion.

People are wont to regard every enactment as law. But many an enactment is not law. Squatter sovereignty is much extolled; and now and then there are signs that even the Republican party is fast coming to acquiesce in it. Nevertheless, squatter sovereignty is not law. The liberty given by the Nebraska bill to enslave men was not liberty to set up law, but to put down law—quite as emphatically such as if it had been liberty to murder men. The invasion of human rights by government can no more than such invasion by an individual be law. The invaders, be they governments or individuals, are the rebels; and they who resist them are the law-abiding. The passage of the Nebraska bill afforded ample justification to the people to enter the halls of Congress and hurl the rebels from their seats. A poor chance of any other than a hempen elevation would such rebels stand were the rebellion of this country Christianity and its politics democracy. As things are, it is the man here and there who dares to live a Christian life on whom the American Church pounces; and it is the little handful of real Democrats toward whom American politicians—American Democrats—show no mercy.

It is, perhaps, vain, as respects its effect on slavery, for me, or for any one else, to remonstrate against voting for those who believe in a law for slavery, or, in other words, against the pro-slavery voting. It is, perhaps, too late to bring slavery to an end by peaceable means—too late to vote it down. For many years I have feared, and published my fears, that it must go out in blood. My speech in Congress on the Nebraska bill was strongly marked with such fears. Those fears have grown into belief. So debauched are the white people by slavery that there is not virtue enough left in them to put it down. If I do not misinterpret the words and the looks of the most intelligent and noble of the black men who fall in my way, they have come to despair of the accomplishment of this work by the white people. The feeling among the blacks that they must deliver themselves gains strength with fearful rapidity. They are sensible how cruelly they have been deceived by the Liberty party, the Free Soil party, the Republican party, and the great mass of even the most loud-mouthed Abolitionists. They see that all these, instead of voting slavery down, have voted it up. True, the Republican party did not promise them much. But they did not expect it would insult and exasperate them by taking the name of "the white man's party." They did hope for some help from this party. But they got none. It lifts not a finger to repeal the Fugitive Slave act; nor to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; nor to abolish the inter-State traffic in human flesh. Nay, it goes so far as to admit that the slavery of black men (it would not dare admit it in the case of but one white man) can be legalised in every State of the Union. The Dred Scott decision and the reopening of the African slave trade are proofs that slavery has never strengthened itself so rapidly as during the existence of this new and misnamed Republican party.

The Republican writers and orators declaim much against the obvious purpose of the Slave Power to overspread the free States with slavery by the help of its "natural ally," the Northern Democracy. But do not these writers and orators admit the right to do this when they admit the legality of slavery in the slave States? What is property in Virginia is, by a law above human enactments, property in Vermont also. He who is a slave or property in Mississippi is a slave or property in Massachusetts also. What is property anywhere is property everywhere. Moreover, it will in the end be found to be as vain as it is inconsistent to oppose the extension of slavery into the free States while upholding it in the slave States. Governor Seward was right in saying that the States must ultimately all be secured to freedom or given up to slavery. But he did not see that his standing by slavery in the slave States renders unavailing his opposition to its extension into the free States. Governor Seward can do nothing to prevent slavery's going where it is not unless he holds it to be a piracy and an outlaw where it is.

No wonder, then, is it that in this state of facts which I have sketched, intelligent black men in the States and Canada should see no hope for their race in the practice and policy of white men. No wonder they are brought to the conclusion that no recourse is left to them but in God and insurrections. *For insurrections, then, we may look any year, any month, any day. A terrible remedy for a terrible wrong! But come it must unless anticipated by repentance and the putting away of the terrible wrong.*

It will be said that these insurrections will be failures; that they will be put down. Yes, but will not slavery nevertheless be put down by them? For what portions are there of the South that will cling to slavery after two or three considerable insurrections shall have filled the whole South with horror? And is it entirely certain that these insurrections will be put down promptly, and before they can have spread far? Will telegraphs and railroads be too swift for even the swift of insurrections? *Remember that telegraphs and railroads* [illegible] *rendered useless in an hour.* Remember, too, that many, who would be glad to face the insurgents, would be busy in transporting their wives and daughters to places where they would be safe from that worst fate which husbands and fathers can imagine for their wives and daughters. I admit that but for this embarrassment Southern men would laugh at the idea of an insurrection, and would quickly dispose of one. But trembling as they would for their beloved ones, I know of no part of the world where, so much as in the South, men would be like, in a formidable insurrection, to lose the most important time, and be distracted and panic-stricken.

When the day of her calamity shall have come to the South, and fire and rape and slaughter shall be filling up the measure of her affliction, then will the North have two reasons for remorse—

First, That she was not willing (whatever the attitude of the South at this point) to share with her in the expense and loss of an immediate and universal emancipation.

Second, That she was not willing to vote slavery out of existence.

Then, too, when alas it will be too late, will be seen in the vivid light of the sufferings of our Southern brethren, both black and white, how shameful and of what evil influence was the apostacy of those "Jerry Rescuers" who were guilty of falling from the "Jerry level" and casting pro-slavery votes.

But why should I have spoken of the sorrows that await the South? Whoever he may be that foretells the horrible end of American slavery is held, both at the North and South, to be a lying prophet—another Cassandra. The South would not respect her own Jefferson's prediction of servile insurrection. How then can it be hoped that she will respect another's. If the South will not, with her own Jefferson, "tremble" when reflecting that "God is just"—if she will not see with her own Jefferson that "the Almighty has no attribute which can take side with" her in "a contest" with her slaves, then who is there, either North or South, that is capable of moving her fears and helping her to safety?

Respectfully your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

## THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

HOW A CARGO OF AFRICANS WAS LANDED IN THE UNITED STATES—COPY OF AN AGREEMENT WITH A RHODE ISLAND CAPTAIN.

THE St. Augustine (Fla.) *Examiner*, Aug. 20, is extremely jubilant over the fact that cargoes of Africans are constantly landed in the United States, in spite of the hue and cry at the North, and is especially pleased at being able to produce the following "agreement," entered into between a Rhode Island captain, one Miller F. Wickham (commanding brig *Favorite*) and a firm doing business on the African coast under the name of Lewis & Boyd. This Rhode Island captain engaged to deliver a certain cargo of rum, tobacco, cordage, &c., to Lewis & Boyd, in exchange for which they promised to furnish him with "eighty fair and merchantable negroes." The *Examiner* asserts, in a tone of triumph, that "these slaves were [illegible] the latter clause of the sentence. It also indulges in the following editorial comment:

"The *New York Times* and *Tribune*, with a lot of small fry, seem much worried in relation to the landing of cargoes on the coast of Florida. Cannot these papers understand that '*Niggers*' are much more *useful* 'savages' than the Seminoles, and easier tamed? Why should New England people, and Northern people generally, make so much fuss in this matter. It is well known that Northern vessels and Nothern capital have ever *done well* in this business, and to '*do well*' in New-England, according to the 'law and *profits*,' covers a heap."

The following is a copy of the "agreement":

"This agreement, entered into with Capt. Wickham, of the brig *Favorite* from Rhode Island, of the one part, and Messrs. Lewis & Boyd, of Cape Coast Castle, on the other part, Witnesseth that the said Wickham hath bartered and agreed to and with the said Lewis & Boyd for the whole of the cargo of the brig *Favorite*, consisting of rum, tobacco, cordage, provisions, &c., as per invoice annexed, amounting to 7,135 dollars and forty-eight cents, for which cargo and amount *said Lewis & Boyd bargain and agree to pay said Wickham eighty fair and merchantable negroes on or before the expiration of seven weeks from the above date.* The height of each negro to be four feet and four inches, or upwards, and the *customary* proportion being observed, viz.: *two-thirds males, one third females.*

"It is further agreed between said parties, that if any of the annexed cargo should appear deficient when landed, a deduction of 50 per cent. shall be made on each article or articles that may so appear; and should, on the other hand, any article or articles be delivered to Messrs. Lewis & Boyd over and above what is represented and specified in the annexed invoice, we agree to pay the said Wickham 50 per cent. on the same that may be so delivered.

Signed, MILLER F. WICKHAM [L. S.]
PHILIP LEWIS, [L. S.]
JOHN BOYD. [L. S.]

The *Examiner* states, in addition, that "the large planters made no objection to the landing of the negroes," and "that, as a general thing, they were purchasers." The cargo taken out by the *Favorite* consisted of the following articles:

"Sixty hogsheads of New-England rum, two hogsheads of tobacco, seven barrels of gin, twenty barrels of flour, fifteen coils of rope, &c., &c., the invoice taking up nearly two pages of foolscap."

## CURIOUS KIDNAPPING AFFAIR IN CINCINNATI.

From The Gazette, of Tuesday, Aug. 30.

A PARAGRAPH published in yesterday morning's *Gazette*, in reference to the kidnapping of a negro boy, who was legally free and a resident of this city, created considerable stir yesterday among some of our citizens. Believing the affair demanded immediate attention, we spent considerable time, during the day, in ferreting out all the particulars, and have now to say that our efforts were not in vain. We have learned the names of all those implicated, and shall give the principal ones the benefit of publicity.

First, we will state that, owing to certain circumstances, which will be understood from what follows, the negro boy was taken out of jail about 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and returned to the house of a colored man of this city. The statement made to us by the boy is as follows:

While he was standing, about 10 o'clock in the evening (Saturday), on the corner of Fifth and Vine streets, two officers approached him and told him they wanted him, and there was no use for him to make a noise. They then took him and locked him up in the saw-dust room of the engine-house in Sixth street, where they handcuffed him and left him for some hours.

About 12 o'clock they took him to the river, gave a signal by whistling, and were answered by some one on the Kentucky shore. Soon after, a man made his appearance in a skiff. Into this he was placed, one of the officers accompanying him. The skiff was rowed to the Kentucky side, and he was taken and lodged in the Covington Jail, where he was kept until about 12 o'clock Sunday night.

With this clue afforded by the boy's statement, and a very accurate description given of the appearance of the officers who seized him, we were enabled to determine who they were, and to extract from them further information. Their names are Slater and Leonard, officers of the Second Ward, who have heretofore sustained good characters. The person alluded to as coming across the river in a skiff is Deputy United States Marshal Butts, of Kentucky.

Officer Slater says that about 10 o'clock on Saturday night he heard the boy making a noise in the Fifth street Market house. He went in and inquired what was the matter. The boy said he was sick, and, on further questioning, said he was a slave, belonging to a Mr. Jones, near Newport, and that he was hungry and cold, and wanted to go back. He said he had run away, because ill treated, but he was so much worse off here that he wanted to get back, and have some clothes and something to eat. As he was so desirous of getting back, Slater said to his partner, Leonard: "Here's a chance to make something, and I don't see there's any harm in it." Leonard assented, and they took the boy to the saw-dust room of Steam Fire Engine House on Sixth street, and wrapped him up in a blanket. Slater then left his beat, went over to Covington, and called upon United States Deputy-Marshal Butts, and told him the circumstances of the case, and asked him what should be done. Butts said, "Bring him over." Slater then went back, and got the boy a suit of his own clothes, and took him to the river. He was then rowed across and there put in Marshal Butts's care, Slater saying that if Butts got anything they would divide it among the three. The boy told Butts he belonged to Mr. Reeves, three miles back of Newport. Slater then came back to his beat. Butts was to have called upon him the next day. But in some way, the affair was made known to a man who told Slater he must have the boy back in this city by a certain time or go to the penitentiary. The boy was brought back on Sunday evening, and then acknowledged to Slater that the affair had been "set up" on him, and that he had been told to do as he did by a colored man and a white man, who had been trying for some time to trap Slater and send him to the penitentiary.

The earlier part of this narrative, and that which relates to himself, Leonard endorses. Concerning the events that happened over the river, he knows nothing beyond the statements made, as when the boy was carried over he went only a little way with Slater towards the river. Late last night, in company with Slater and others, we called on the colored boy, when, in reply to the questions put to him, he admitted that he had been told to go to the market-house by a colored man and a white man, and had gone there expecting to be taken, but by whom he did not know, and that he had said what the colored man told him to.

He further admitted that he knew for a week that "this had been a set up thing on some one." He denied that he had been "ironed" by Slater, and stated that the colored man's name is Butler, and that he lives on Cherry Alley. He said that he did not know who the white man was. We understand that steps have already been taken to arrest all the persons implicated in this transaction, which will receive a thorough legal investigation.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.


CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete files, to be deposited in an important public institution, where they will be permanently open to the public, the first two Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1834, 1835) and the First Report of the New England Anti-Slavery Society (1833) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the F[illegible] of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

## PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING.

THE Twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 5th and 6th of October, commencing on Wednesday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each advancing year lends fresh interest to the Anti-Slavery movement and invests its stated annual meetings with increased importance. In addition to the topics which usually engross the attention of anti-slavery assemblies—such as the corruption of parties, the apostacy of the Church, and the like—others, coming more immediately home to our feelings as Pennsylvanians, will claim consideration at the approaching meeting. Such, for instance, as the duty now urgent upon the people of this State to make Pennsylvania in fact, what it is only in form, a *Free State.*

Decency and humanity alike require that every inhabitant of this Commonwealth, not charged with crime, should be secured by law in his inalienable right to liberty. Justice and self-respect forbid the surrender of any human being claimed as a slave from the borders of Pennsylvania.

This sentiment, which has been steadily taking shape for some time in this community, has reached a point of strength that demands a practical recognition. Measures should be taken to secure its universal prevalence, and as a consequence the passage of a law ensuring to every innocent inhabitant of the State the undisturbed possession of his personal liberty. What these measures should be, and why they should be adopted, will be questions for discussion at the ensuing meeting. All interested in the subject are earnestly invited to attend.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

Philadelphia, Eighth mo. 31, 1859.

## RESEMBLANCE AMIDST DIVERSITY.

THE conversation of Horace Greeley with Brigham Young (recently copied from *The Tribune* on the fourth page of THE STANDARD) gives more minute information than we have hitherto had in regard to the belief and practice of the people whom we can [illegible]mons but who reject this title as an opprobrious nickname, and call themselves "The Church of Latter-day Saints."

The clergy of the popular religion and the periodical publications of its various sects have spoken with such utter disparagement of the Latter-day Saints, and represented them as so absolutely adverse to Christianity, that most men in our community would have been obliged to ask, as Mr. Greeley did, for information, whether they regarded and called themselves Christians. It appears, by Brigham Young's answer, that they represent their system as the appropriate and only genuine form of Christianity, and that they appeal to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as their authority, and as containing the full justification of every part of their doctrine. Their appeals to the book of Mormon, they say, are not in opposition to the Bible, or even in addition to it, but in confirmation of it; since they declare that it teaches the same cardinal truths, *and those only.* Let it be remembered, then, that the Latter-day Saints appeal to the Bible as the authority for their doctrines, and hold its warrant to be sufficient, not only without other evidence, but against other evidence.

We find in the conversation above alluded to that the Latter-day Saints believe in the Trinity—in a personal devil—in eternal damnation—in the duty of baptizing with water—in the duty of observing Sunday as a Christian Sabbath, as a divinely appointed day of rest—and in the propriety of polygamy and of slavery. Brigham Young refers to the Old and New Testaments together, as being identical in doctrine and equal and supreme in authority, and he repeatedly uses the expressions—"We belive it as the Bible teaches it"—"We believe all the Bible teaches on this subject"—as if this sufficed at once for explanation and authority.

Let us take, by way of illustration, one of the doctrines of the Church of Latter-day Saints—polygamy. Any one who has been educated in our community can show, conclusively, that the monopoly of several wives by one man is a practice very greatly prejudicial to the interests of both sexes—to the welfare of the individual and of the community—to natural right and justice—to the happiness of the families thus formed—and to the development of the highest manly and womanly qualities in their constituent members. If he chanced to be in a company where the subject of polygamy was discussed, he would give solid facts and reasons against it; he would claim that these considerations were sufficient to settle the question against polygamy, and to exclude it from any well-ordered community; and if one of the company, being a Mussulman, should present, as a preponderating consideration, that the Koran allowed polygamy, or if another, being a Latter-day Saint, should claim that the Bible allowed it, he would treat both these claims as nugatory, inappropriate and impertinent, and not deserving a moment's consideration, because not tending in the slightest degree to remove the force of his solid facts and reasons. It is safe to say that a *disinterested* jury would decide this question in his favor. And this advantage he would owe to the habit of testing disputed matters by reason, and of considering this matter fairly within the province of reason to decide. And, moreover, the Mussulman or the Latter-day Saint would make very little impression upon the disinterested jury by stigmatizing their opponent's statements as "*carnal* reason," and declaring that facts and reasons were out of place where the Koran or the Bible had spoken.

The habit of putting one or more departments of practical life out of the sphere of reason, and insisting that they must yield, without debate, to the voice of authority, must certainly be highly prejudicial to the people among whom it exists, barring their intellectual development in that direction, closing their eyes to a certain amount of truth, and preventing a just appreciation on their part, not only of the weight of evidence, but of the *nature* of evidence. We have abundant opportunities of seeing the tendency and natural result of this error, in the sects into which the popular religion of this country is divided, whose leaders are accustomed to disparage reason as "carnal," and as neither entitled to argue nor competent to judge in religious matters. When persons from two of these sects talk of their sectarian differences, they make no progress towards either absolute truth or agreement in opinion. Neither gains any truth for himself, neither imparts any truth to the other. Both, as far as these subjects are concerned, have discarded the logical faculty, and adopted in its stead a swinish obstinacy and pertinacity. And the leaders of these people are well satisfied with such a substitution on their part, since it not only keeps them fast anchored, each in his traditional faith, but prevents them from even seeing when they are defeated, and their dogmas overthrown, by the application of reason, in any casual encounter with an outsider who ventures to apply reason to the *tabooed* subject.

Certainly (to return to the case of the Latter-day Saints), the habit of referring to books composed of materials so voluminous, so multifarious and so incongruous as the Old Testament, the New Testament and the book of Mormon, *as to one rule of faith and practice*, and representing them as so homogeneous in substance that all parts must be understood as coincident in character, meaning and purpose, and so equal in inspiration (and consequent authority) that any declaration from any part of either is sufficient to outweigh all conflicting facts and arguments—certainly, this habit must lead those who adopt it into errors not few nor small.

Beginning with the exaltation of this triple rule—three diverse parts united in one, yet each portion of each of the three parts supreme and final in its authority—over all conflicting rules, facts, reasons and circumstances, it will naturally proceed to the exaltation of the letter of the rule over its spirit.

Thus when Horace Greeley, controverting the polygamy of the Latter-day Saints, inquires of Brigham Young, "Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be the husband of *one* wife?" the latter triumphantly replies, "So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the Apostle do[illegible] forbid a bishop having more wives than one."

[illegible] sort of sacrifice of the spirit of Scripture to the [illegible] ence in that letter of the missionaries of the American Board in the Cherokee nation which admits and defends their allowance of slaveholding and slave-trading among their church-members. They say—"In regard to the separation of parents and children, we must first remark, that it is one of those things which are not forbidden by any express injunction of Scripture.")

This habit of subordinating the spirit to the letter of an external rule, following the habit of subordinating reason to authority, is apt to proceed to a direct sacrifice and violation of truth, when the general policy of the system comes in conflict with truth. Thus when Horace Greeley asks Brigham Young, "What do you say of the so-called Danites, or destroying angels, belonging to your Church?" the latter promptly replies, "What do *you* say? *I know of no such band, no such persons or organization.*"

(In like manner, when the officials of the American Tract Society were pressed with the question, "Has not the Society published, on intemperance and other evils, what many evangelical Christians do not approve?"—and when nothing but a direct falsehood would relieve them from the shame of confessing a long course of dishonesty—one of the Publishing Committee and one of the Corresponding Secretaries volunteered to perform this needed work, and Rev. John Knox and Rev. William A. Hallock promptly replied—"It has not, so far as we know.")

The habit of subordinating reason and fact to an external rule must also operate as a discouragement and limitation to the researches of science. Probably the Latter-day Saints are at present quite indifferent to such researches. But philosophers have as much persistency in advancing as sectarians in holding back. In the nineteenth century, neither the Chinese wall nor the Hindoo rule of *caste*, neither material nor conventional barriers, will suffice entirely to exclude either the pursuit of knowledge or the publication of it when gained. If the Church of Latter-day Saints continues to flourish and increase to the end of the present century, science will undoubtedly have gained some foothold within its limits; but think under what disadvantages. Fancy Professor Agassiz there, pursuing the study of Natural Philosophy under strict charge not to discover, or, if he discovers, not to report, anything at variance with any part of the triple rule, the Old Testament, the New Testament and the book of Mormon. Fancy him publishing another quarto volume of the great work upon which he is now engaged, with the announcement—This volume contains so much of my discoveries of truth and fact during the past year as does not conflict with any part of the Old Testament, the New Testament or the book of Mormon! How much would such a book be worth? Fancy him (if you can) actually conforming his book to this restriction, but publishing it without explanation, as if it contained all the facts and all the truths which he had discovered! How greatly might the students of it be misled as to the facts and the laws of Nature! "that elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand."

To take, by way of illustration, one of the many departments of natural science—if we suppose one of the Latter-day Saints to become interested in the study of Geology—and to find therein something which, though manifestly true, is at variance with some portion of the imperative triple rule—and to have a regard for truth, and a sense of the importance of publishing it, stronger than his fear of the chief priests and rulers—probably a person thus thinking and acting would be taken in hand by the Danites, as Galileo was by their predecessors under another authority, which also called itself The Christian Church.

But, supposing the blood of martyrs again to prove a fertile seed, raising more defenders of a persecuted truth—supposing that science should prove too strong for the Danites and their master to suppress, and that the believers in geology among the Latter-day Saints should increase to a number and weight of influence demanding respectful recognition—then another serious evil would be likely to occur, namely: a deliberate twisting of the words of the triple rule from their natural, obvious and ordinary meaning into some asserted conformity to the facts of nature in question, so that the authority of the triple rule would still be enforced, even though vitiated by the degrading admission that when it said black it meant white.

Would it not certainly occur to the students of geology in question—might it not reasonably occur to any disinterested observer—to inquire whether the advantages of belief in the supremacy of the triple rule were not more than counterbalanced by these evils?

The claims of any religious system to the acceptance of mankind must be in proportion to its practical adaptation to produce a life in conformity to the will of God. The union of philosophy with religion will incite to a diligent search, in every accessible quarter, for a more perfect knowledge of that will. Moreover, as Jesus said, the fruit is the surest test of the character of the tree, and faithful obedience to our present light is one of the most important conditions towards gaining more. The rule of life given by Jesus, called Christ, and presented to his disciples as a summary of his doctrine—namely, to love God with the whole heart, and one's neighbor (by a practical manifestation of good will) as one's self—was immeasurably in advance of any system previously taught, and many sects, formed since the time of that great teacher, have sought to gain credit to themselves by adopting his name. Among these are the various Churches combined in advocacy of the popular American religion, and also the Church of Latter-day Saints in Utah. Both call themselves Christian. What is that self-assumed designation worth, when it is contradicted by the ordinary current of their lives? Both uphold slavery, the greatest possible violation of the rights of others, and also of their own fraternal relation to their brother men. Both wrest their own Scriptures to the defence of oppression. Both pursue a fraudulent and deceitful policy in their efforts for the maintenance and extension of their faith, and both deliberately lie in its defence when no other means will avail them. Both, judged by the contrast of their fruits with their professions, are weighed in the balances and found wanting. This last, however, is a very feeble and imperfect statement of their guilt; for of both these it must be said that the system which they preach (and which they call Christian), as taught, administered and exemplified by them, favors some of the worst of vices, and vehemently opposes those who, moved by either religion or philanthropy, seek the overthrow of those vices.

## LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

### LETTER FROM HINTON ROWAN HELPER.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

DEAR SIR: About a fortnight since, you published from me a card, in which I promised to reply to certain features of an editorial article that appeared in a previous issue of your paper. Part of the card to which I refer was in these words: "The reply which I purpose making would reach you in place of these lines, but for the reason that I am waiting in the hope and expectation of obtaining the consent, just asked, of some of my Southern correspondents to publish, as proofs of what I wish to say, portions of letters which they have heretofore written me, and which are now in my possession, but which, without the consent of the authors, I cannot publish, except by a most unwarrantable breach of confidence, which I am glad to say I have no disposition to perpetrate." One of the gentlemen (a noble, staunch scion of the Saxon stock, a Wesleyan Methodist minister), to whom I made application for liberty to publish extracts from his correspondence, promptly replied as follows:

"Returning from the west part of my circuit yesterday, I found your letter of the 12th inst., to which I hasten this reply. You are at perfect liberty to use my correspondence in any way you may judge best, as I am already committed at every place where I speak to the most open hostility to the system of human bondage. I have denounced it at every point, and especially its clerical supporters and apologists, with whatever of language and emphasis I could command. They deem me more plain, more caustic, than either of my predecessors, Crooks or McBride. If no danger results from my speech here, none need be apprehended from the publication of my letters. The Boston Tract letter, reprinted in the snivelling, servile, little *Day Book*, which you sent me, went the rounds of the North Carolina press. From it sprang much angry, excited discussion, and one challenge for a duel. This was given by the editor of the Fayetteville *Carolinian* to the editor of the Salisbury *Watchman*. Considerable ink was shed, but no blood. Continued reference was made to me in these newspaper missiles, as 'the Reverend writer of the Boston Tract letter,' or 'the Reverend gentleman supposed to be the author of the Boston Tract letter'; and though every one knew to whom these references pointed, I am not certain that my name has been once given in a Carolina paper."

The following extracts are from several letters, received at various times, from this same gentleman, who, as will be observed, gives a brief but interesting outline of his location and personal history:

"I am a minister in charge of Guilford Circuit of Wesleyan Methodists, North Carolina. I think you have some knowledge of our denomination. I am a native of Guilford County, but have resided some thirty-five years in the West. Last fall I returned to North Carolina, to remain and preach at least a year. I boldly preach Anti-Slavery from my pulpit. Various threats of mob violence have been made against me; but I have the pleasing satisfaction of informing you that thus far, in the performance of my duty, I have sustained no personal injury. Both myself and wife have numerous relations in Guilford and Randolph Counties, which, joined to my age and Southern birth, has operated much in my favor.

* * * * * * *

"I think the 'Impending Crisis' should be extensively circulated in this poor old slavery-cursed State, and I am willing to take the responsibility of putting it in circulation to the extent of my travel. It is highly probable that a North Carolina court might deem the book incendiary, but I am willing to risk the result. The facts the book contains should be generally known. * * * * * *

"I have disposed of the fifty copies of the 'Impending Crisis,' which I brought with me from the city last fall, and want more; please send me forty additional copies. * * * Our success in spreading the principles of freedom has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. * * * I am particularly surprised that no excitement has followed the distribution of the book. Formerly, McBride, my predecessor here in the ministry, was prosecuted and convicted for vending a single sheet to prove slavery inconsistent with the Ten Commandments, and now I am suffered quietly to scatter broadcast the 'Impending Crisis' over this whole community! And the onslaught I make from the pulpit on slavery is said to be far more severe than the words of my predecessor; yet slaveholders, even, bear it with all the patience of a Job. * * * I first began to vend the work privately, but soon throwing off all concealment, I did it as publicly as a Yankee pedlar would sell a tin hair comb. * * * If a prosecution were instituted against me, I would read in my defence before a jury every syllable of the book, making the necessary commente. * * * The gentleman to whom I referred some time since was Mr. ———, of Greensboro, well known in that place as an anti-slavery man. His remark was this: 'When the first copies of the 'Crisis' reached Greensboro, such was the anxiety to learn its contents that the citizens would gather in clubs of some fifteen or twenty, on Sunday afternoons, and one would read, and the others would listen, and so deep was the interest to hear that,' he continued, facetiously, 'I feared it would soon supplant the Bible!'"

A citizen of Richmond, Va., writing in relation to the "Crisis," says:

"Before I had read fifty pages of the work, I exclaimed to a friend, 'With a copy of this book in the hands of every poor white man, I could revolutionize public opinion in ninety days.' But then a thought flashed across my mind, leading me to inquire, What effect would the work have on the 70,000 poor white men and women who cannot read? It would be as a lamp in the hands of the blind. In our cities, however, it is different. Most of our people here in Richmond, and in the other large towns in the State, can read, and, as we have much intercourse with the farmers, if the book could be judiciously distributed throughout the country, I doubt not that it would engender a boldness of expression on the subject of slavery, out of which, in a short time, would come many daring and impassioned orators, who would, with utter fearlessness, go among the masses of the people, and, with the light of truth, dispel the darkness that now enshrouds them.

* * * * * * *

"It is to slavery alone that Virginia owes the sad misfortune of having within her borders more grown men and women who cannot read than any other State in the Union. Eastern Virginia, where most of our uneducated people live, is, by having half a million of slaves, so sparsely populated by whites that but few can attend school, unless parents can afford to keep a horse for the sole purpose of taking their children to and from the school-house. This is the chief impediment, but there is another. The good land in Eastern Virginia—in fact, all the land bordering on the rivers—is in possession of the slaveholders, while the great mass of the white population, the non-slaveholders, live on lands that give but meagre returns for the labor bestowed upon them. You are aware of the beautiful rivers that flow through our section of the State from the mountains to the Chesapeake, and of the magnificent harbors which indent our sea-coast; and yet, sir, it is but truth to say that these wear the almost desolate appearance that they did in the day when the Creator first bade them ebb and flow.

"Why is it that the banks of our great rivers are not crowded with a dense, intelligent population, and adorned with cities and villages almost without number? Why is it that we do not possess fleets of merchantmen and trade with all the world? Why is it that the State of New York, for which nature has not done half so much, is still so greatly our superior? Sir, I can assign but one reason; the answer is *Slavery.* Take our slave population, from childhood to old age, and they do not consume, on an average, more than *five* dollars' worth of merchandise per annum; while a free population will average at least *twenty* dollars per annum. In this view we have, in fact, the secret of the decay of Norfolk, once the chief seaport of the United States. Four hundred thousand slaves could contribute no more,

of education among us; all the institutions of learning of the higher class are filled with students who are, or soon expect to be, owners of slaves. I reside not far from Chapel Hill, the University of the State; and among the hundreds who have graduated from that college, I scarcely know one who was not an advocate of slavery. During the late Presidential contest, one of the Professors was dismissed for merely expressing a preference for the election of the Republican candidate.

"All the students are taught that slavery is of divine origin, and that it is their duty, as citizens, Christians and patriots, to defend and retain it. In the meantime, the great mass of poor whites go with but little schooling, and hence the great lack of mental activity among the larger portion of the population of North Carolina, and of the South generally. * * * Those who own slaves must necessarily lay aside all pure morality and religion, in order to manage them to pecuniary advantage.

"In 1848, I assisted in getting up what was called a Free Soil ticket for President, and we were threatened with persecution if we voted it. Through the mental darkness above mentioned, many friends of the ticket were deterred from voting. I think it was during the next year, or at least not long after, that an anti-slavery preacher, by the name of Jesse McBride, was seized by a mob in Guilford County, adjoining this, and taken out by force—the county attorney, whose duty it was, in accordance with his oath, to return and prosecute all offences against the law, having headed the mob! And this palpable and disgraceful violation of law has never been mentioned in court up to this day! Such are the morals and patriotism that slavery disseminates.

"There are two important points, relating to slavery, which writers on the subject too often overlook. According to one of our North Carolina statutes, if a slave is on trial for a capital offence, a *freeholder*, who is not a *slaveholder*, is not allowed to sit on the jury; consequently a white man who cannot always afford to send an escort of protectors with his daughters, when they necessarily have to go from home, is liable to have them insulted, and even murdered, and his equals dare not sit on a jury to judge the cause; but slaveholders, who know the value of negroes, and are sometimes not over willing to lose them, must decide it. Thus you perceive that, under the laws of this State, negro slaves are much less liable to be hung for rapes and murders than white men. I have frequently heard it publicly proclaimed, before a trial of this kind, that if the slave was cleared, he was to be run off and sold, and the price thus saved to his owner. This statute touches many sorely, who would otherwise truckle to the system for the countenance and approbation of the governing class. Our statute also provides that, in case of insurrection, three Justices of the Peace may call out the militia. The question then arises, Who are the militia? There is certainly not more than one slaveholder in fifty militiamen; consequently, the men who have no earthly interest in slavery (only that it should cease to exist) must leave their families entirely unprotected, and risk their own lives in the settlement of dangers in which they are involved by slaves and slave-owners. * * * A warfare with intelligence is an easy task, but with ignorance and cupidity it is indeed to be dreaded."

Thus, Mr. Elitor, in reply to the abrupt strictures of your article, are a few of the few intelligent non-slaveholding whites of the South heard in their own defence. While we would scorn to shield ourselves from the just rebukes which our unwonted imperfections and shortcomings merit, we hope you will take into consideration the peculiar penalties and perils of our position, and not demand of us at the South, in the brief space of three years, the exhibition of a nobler manhood than has been developed at the North in thirty. Little boys at the lion's mouth can hardly be expected to be more valiant than great men at the beast's tail.

And now, as for me individually, if I may be allowed to speak of myself alone, permit me to say briefly, by way of conclusion, that while I shall always welcome such criticism as is calculated to stimulate me to a more prompt and perfect performance of duty, still, with reference to my anti-slavery opinions and practices, I deem it eminently right and proper to pursue in the future the same course that I have pursued in the past—maintaining, at all times, in my humble warfare against slavery, the sovereignty of the individual, that is, as the arbiter of my own thoughts and actions, occupying independent ground, and acknowledging no impeding allegiance or obligation to any society, association, faction, junto, cabal, clique, coterie, man or woman. If any grain of merit shall ever be dispovered in anything that I have done heretofore, or that I may do hereafter, that merit may be admitted or denied, or allowed a mere passive existence, just as may be most agreeable to him or to them who shall happen to be cognizant of the case.

Yours respectfully, H. R. HELPER.

43 Pine street, New York, Sept. 6, 1859.

*Postscript, Sept. 7th.*—In addition to the evidences which are certainly noticeable in the above extracts, that the seeds of liberty have been sown and are taking vigorous root among the non-slaveholding whites of the South, I beg leave to call your attention to the following list of Republican newspapers published in the slave States (all started through the energy and daring of non-slaveholding whites) and most of which have, I believe, been established within the last three years:

| | |
|---|---|
| ENGLISH. | |
| *The Missouri Democrat*, | St. Louis, Missouri. |
| *The Free Democrat*, | St. Joseph, " |
| *The Sentinel*, | Kansas City, " |
| *The Free South*, | Newport, Kentucky. |
| *The Wheeling Intelligencer*, | Wheeling, Virginia. |
| *The Wellsburg Herald*, | Wellsburg, " |
| *The Ceredo Crescent*, | Ceredo, " |
| *The National Era*, | Washington, D. C. |
| *The Republic*, | " " |
| *The News and Advertiser*, | Milford, Delaware. |
| GERMAN. | |
| *Der Anzeiger des Westens*, | St. Louis, Missouri. |
| *Die Westliche Post*, | " " |
| *Das Hermann Wochenblatt*, | Hermann, " |
| *Der St. Charles Demokrat*, | St. Charles, " |
| *Die Deutsche Zeitung*, | St. Joseph, " |
| *Die Missouri Post*, | Kansas City, " |
| *Der Louisviller Anzeiger*, | Louisville, Kentucky. |
| *Der Baltimore Wecker*, | Baltimore, Maryland. |

The next half decade of years will, I trust, witness in the South the establishment of many more (and much better) Anti Slavery journals. Only a few days since, while in Delaware, the editor of one of the Wilmington papers assured me that he was determined to support the "Opposition" nominee for the Presidency in 1860, "even though," he remarked, "even though it should be Wm. H. Seward." In Maryland also, particularly in Baltimore (where I passed the greater part of last week), it is easy to observe that the slaveholders are fast losing the monopoly and prestige of power. While on an excursion into one of the rural districts, some fifteen miles from Baltimore, I heard an intelligent, influential citizen of the State express the opinion (which was concurred in by several companions) that two-thirds of the voters of Maryland are at heart opposed to slavery, and would at once vote it down, if the questions *Slavery* or *No Slavery* were only fairly before them. And, finally, no longer ago than this very morning, Mr. Anthon has received from a new friend (an old line Whig, as he describes himself), in one of the interior counties of North Carolina, a cash order for one hundred copies of the Compend of "The Impending Crisis of the South." If these (the above facts, declarations, and testimonies) are not straws which show that the winds are blowing auspicious gales, then, with all due candor and promptness, let it be confessed that I am not weatherwise. H. R. H.

## THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

THE time has arrived when it would be both politic and wise to hold a Convention of the Directors, Agents and friends of the "Underground Railroad." It should be a national meeting, embracing delegates from all sections of the Union. Among the objects would be—

1. To devise means for conducting the road with greater facility and economy.

2. To raise money for carrying on operations by a systematic and equal mode of collection. At present some sections pay much more than their share, while others pay less—or nothing.

3. To hear reports of the present Agents, and to commission new ones.

Other important subjects would naturally and legitimately come before the Convention, which it is unnecessary to specify.

The question is, where and when the Convention shall be held. Will those interested think of the matter, and in due time let the meeting be called? B.

Albany, Sept. 3, 1859.

WILLIAM STEDMAN, formerly President of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, is one of the Republican candidates for a seat in the Ohio Legislature from the County of Portage. We are sorry our old friend has left the Disunion platform to join in the scramble for the "loaves and fishes" of office in a pro-slavery government.

## WILBERFORCE CENTENNIAL.

### CELEBRATION AT EASTON, NEW YORK.

*To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.*

THE meeting in commemoration of the labors of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was held, as advertised in THE STANDARD, at Easton, Washington Co., on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th. It proved eminently successful in point of numbers and in interest. It was a great gathering. Large numbers came up from the surrounding country, some a distance of twenty and thirty miles. The Friends' meeting-house, a building of liberal dimensions, was completely filled on Saturday, and on Sunday it was thoroughly packed in every available space, with a much larger crowd remaining outside, rendering it necessary, notwithstanding the cool wind and damp ground, owing to a late rain, to organize a second meeting, the larger of the two, in a grove adjoining the meeting-house; and hundreds, it is said, went away, unable to get within doors, and fearful of the exposure of the out-door meeting.

LEONARD GIBBS, Esq., of Union Village, presided. Lydia Mott, of Albany, and David Baker, of Easton, were chosen Vice-Presidents; and Jonathan Wilde, of Saratoga, Secretary. Business and Finance Committees were also appointed.

AARON M. POWELL first addressed the meeting. He referred to the occasion as one of the deepest interest to all who are in this country engaged in the arduous struggle between freedom and slavery. The life of WILBERFORCE, his consistent and unswerving faithfulness to the cause of the oppressed, would ever render his name, with that of THOMAS CLARKSON, dear to American Abolitionists. Lives of disinterested benevolence, of unselfish consecration to the welfare of the helpless and forlorn, gain the strongest and most enduring hold upon the affections and veneration of mankind. In Jesus of Nazareth this is most fully exemplified. When Cromwell shall have been forgotten, Wilberforce and Clarkson, with their colaborers, will be remembered and loved for their true and noble services in the cause of human freedom.

SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL, Esq., of New York, was the next speaker. He thought the brightest page of the world's history, thus far recorded, was that which furnishes us an account of English emancipation, to the promotion and triumphant issue of which the lives of Clarkson and Wilberforce were given. Mr. B. then contrasted the career of Wilberforce with that of Oliver Cromwell. The warrior we contemplate with a degree of admiration and awe, the noble and unselfish philanthropist we venerate and love. We do well thus to celebrate, and from the lives of the great men who have gone before get lessons of wisdom and strength for the solution of the great problem which, in this country, we have now in hand.

Mr. Blackwell's address, of which I do not attempt to give even a synopsis, was listened to with much interest.

PARKER PILLSBURY followed in an earnest speech, which was characterized by more than his usual force and eloquence. He rejoiced in a meeting to commemorate the labors of a truly great man. History can record the lives of but very few *really* great men thus far. In the front rank of these we find the name of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, and especially that of THOMAS CLARKSON. We hear much talk of the great men of our own generation, but, for the most part, they are such only as Gulliver was great among the Lilliputians. Mr. P. then referred to the labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson for the suppression of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery. He spoke of slavery and the slave trade here, and of our responsibilities therefor. It is proper to pay tribute to the memory of such of those whose names we celebrate in this Convention to-day, but our highest eulogy is given in a daily life of faithful, earnest and uncompromising consecration to the cause to which their lives were so scrupulously and unselfishly devoted. This celebration will prove truly commemorative only in so far as it shall beget in us increased wisdom and strength for the service of the cause of the slave in our own land, and inspire us with the spirit which prompted and sustained Wilberforce and his coworkers.

A Committee of five was then appointed, on motion of A. M. POWELL, to circulate, at each session of the Convention, copies of the Petition asking the next Legislature to enact a law putting an end to SLAVE-HUNTING in the Empire State.

A recess was then taken until 2 p. m.

WM. WELLS BROWN was the first speaker of the afternoon session. His speech — [illegible] upon WILBERFORCE, and also CLARKSON. He thought they were inseparable, and each highly important to the other in the memorable work which, together and with others, they accomplished. Mr. Brown mentioned numerous incidents and facts, which, I am sure, would much interest your readers, but which, at this time, I am unable to report. He was very attentively listened to.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY alluded to the occasion which had called us together; and though Wilberforce had, for himself and for mankind, accomplished a great and noble work, we needed most to remember that a no less important individual responsibility rests upon each one of us. She concluded with an appeal, in behalf of the Finance Committee, for material aid.

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL then addressed the Convention. She spoke of the inherent, God-given right of every human being to freedom, and of the propriety and wisdom of holding such a meeting of commemoration in this country and at this time. Great and good as were the names of WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON, there was one other that she had not yet heard named, which was of equal, if not greater, significance; it was that of a woman—ELIZABETH HEYRICK. While, before her, statesmen had been tampering with the branches of the tree, had been dealing with the outposts of the enemy, it was from her active sense of justice and clear perceptions of the right that, later in the struggle, the cause received such an onward impetus, such renewed vigor, as brought a victorious and triumphant issue.

Mrs. Blackwell's address was listened to with deep interest, was an able and eloquent effort, and I could wish, for the sake of your readers, that a full report might appear herewith.

PARKER PILLSBURY again addressed the meeting at some length, and at a late hour the Convention adjourned till 9 a. m. Sunday.

Of the proceedings on Sunday I cannot, at this time of writing, give you even a synopsis, much less a full report, as they richly deserve. It must suffice to say that I have never witnessed in this State, outside of your city, as large an anti-slavery gathering, characterized by so marked and so enthusiastic an interest. The occasion furnished a fruitful theme, and the speaking was earnest, able and eloquent. A large number of signatures were, I understand, obtained to the petition for the prohibition of slave-hunting in our State, and thus that important work which we have before us for this autumn and winter has been well inaugurated.

I have at hand but two of the resolutions which were before the Convention, and which I send you, as follows:

Resolved, That we most gladly improve the opportunity afforded by this centennial anniversary to give voice to our gratitude and veneration for the life and labors of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. An early pioneer and an untiring laborer in the arduous struggle for the abolition of the slave trade, the unswerving champion of the enslaved, the deeply sympathizing friend of the African, and large-hearted friend of humanity, we would pay affectionate tribute to his memory, and, by unceasing efforts for the emancipation of the enslaved of our own country, will endeavor fitly to commemorate his illustrious example.

Resolved, That, encouraged by the progress of last year in our efforts to procure a Personal Liberty law, to make the soil of the Empire State free from the polluting track of the slave-hunter, we will continue importunately to press our demand that the Underground Railroad (that way of darkness) shall be discontinued, by making New York as free as Canada, Austria, or any other empire or kingdom that has made itself the asylum of the exiled slave.

On Sunday morning the present aspects of the anti-slavery cause, the position of the parties, and especially of the Republican party, with its compromising character and tendencies, the action or non-action of the religious bodies, &c., were fully and earnestly discussed.

The Peckhams, Bakers, Dennises, Moshers and others were most liberal in their hospitality and kind attention to strangers and others present from a distance. The meeting will long be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction by all who were present, and much good, I doubt not, will come of it. P.

August 31, 1859.

PANORAMA OF ITALY.—Having seen Waugh's Panorama of Italy, now on exhibition at Mozart Hall (see daily journals), we take pleasure in commending it to our friends as worthy of their attention. Such views of interesting objects in the old world are no mean substitute for those obtained by actual travel. The scenes presented in this panorama include views of Genoa, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, and numerous other interesting localities. Mr. Waugh's explanations are lively and appropriate. Go and see it.

## MASKS AND FACES.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SIR: It is a fact, well known to the student of political, social, or moral physiology, that we can generally estimate the amount of evil that is in a party, a cause, or a creed, by the degree of prominence sought to be given to what little of good it or they may contain. The race of which Joseph Surface was a well-defined type is not yet extinct—the broad brim and the saintly face are still made to cover, if they cannot hide, like charity, a multitude of sins.

But it is seldom that we have so favorable an opportunity of observing this phenomenon as is presented by the advocates of slavery in the United States. Politics, physiology, philanthropy, and morals—all combine to form the many-colored robe in which they stand erect before the world as the embodiments of benevolence and virtue. Were not the subject one, indeed, of too serious a nature for mirth, we might often be tempted to smile at the many and curious phases through which it is made to pass. Now it is made a question of the purest philanthropy: Poor blacks! they are so *much* more comfortable where they are, under kind supervision and good laws, well-fed, clothed, and cared for. Now it is a question of human progress: Benighted Africans! would you deny them the privilege of looking at, if they may not read by, the lights of civilization and Christian truth? Now it is a wise and beneficent illustration of the laws of physiology (which the South is best able, of course, to interpret): Would you impiously set aside the clear and unmistakable mandate of a Providence which says that there shall be ethnological and social distinctions and preponderances of race?

The play is nearly played out, however. At no distant period this was seen very clearly and felt very bitterly by the actors themselves, who began to feel that they must reform their stage and purify their platform. A notable instance of this occurred in connection with the Fugitive Slave bill. Driven to acknowledge that slavery might be just *a little* wrong, the South resorted to a weak invention of a *tu-quoque* argument. While [illegible] world rang with indignant condemnation of this bill, they professed to listen with a calm dignity to the remonstrances of their opponents; asserting that they were perfectly aware of the evils of slavery in the abstract, and even desired its extinction; and they then boldly charged the North with being the cause of that measure. "Had you not," said they, "forced us to protect private and national interests which we should in due time have relinquished, we should never have introduced and passed such a measure—but the social revolution sought to be achieved was hurried to a premature crisis; and as statesmen, patriots, and even philanthropists, we were bound to oppose an active resistance where before we were content to let time and due caution take their own means of emancipating the slave." Of course vast numbers of well-meaning people, both in the free States and abroad, accepted this excuse, as being natural in the case of persons whose whole "property," as the South delighted to call it, was often involved, and were content to repress the zeal of the more eager party as being, to say the least, injudicious.

As a master-piece of the reasoning in which the Democratic party delights, the speech of the Hon. Jefferson Davis is without any recent parallel. Not that it contains anything new, or particularly clever, but the orator has contrived to parade before the eyes of the world a compact résume of all that can or has been said in defence of slavery; and history, the science of ethnology, abuse of the African race, laudation of the "superior" race, the needs of trade and commerce, the great benevolence of the institution, the danger to the Union—even poor benighted old Noah is dragged into an argument to prove wrong right and a good thing bad. The effort, however, is a miserable failure. Every now and then the cloven foot peeps out. Mr. Davis is just as plausible, and no more, than the cook, who, being remonstrated with for skinning live eels, naively replied that the cookery-book advised the practice, the eels were used to it, and—tasted so much better!

Viewed, indeed, with candor, this speech is singularly ill-judged if Mr. Davis desired by it to serve his party. He seasons his dish with a great many high sounding words and pretty phrases, and winds up with the usual "burst of patriotism." But it is easy to see that the whole question of morals is repudiated, and that the gist of the argument is—we want more slaves! [illegible] off this thin disguise which all eyes can penetrate? Why need they continue the empty form of telling the world that their actions are conceived in the cause of humanity and patriotism, when that world can detect the cheat and despise the weak invention? Are they so blind as not to know that by insisting on the moral aspect of the slavery question they lose the respect which even some marauders inspire; do they not know that while there may be something almost heroic in the exploits of a Duval, we turn from the platitudes of a Pecksniff with undisguised contempt?

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

## SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

IN the year 1851, a family resided in Clio street, near Prytania street, in New Orleans. The head of the family, Mr. I. S., was a native of New York; his wife was a native of Charlestou, S. C., a Miss H. C. At this time they were both well advanced in years, he being about 53 and his lady about 50 years. They had a large family, viz., one daughter, married, who lived with them; a single daughter, and five sons. They had also in the house, as a boarder, a Frenchman, named G—, who was a first-rate watch-maker, but who is now in San Francisco. They owned slaves; among them were two little girls, sisters, that they had purchased but a few months before, aged about 9 and 11 years respectively. The two little children had to do all the errands and the whole work of the house, with the exception of cooking and washing. They had no bed to rest on, the only place allowed them being the floor, the only covering a blanket. These two poor children had no regular meals; after the family had got through their meals, whatever was left on their plates was scraped together; and this, with an extra piece of stale bread, was all the food given to two hard working human beings. The consequence was, the poor children were always starving with hunger. Thus matters went on for some time, when one day the cravings of their digestive organs were so strong that they were tempted to help themselves to a piece of fresh bread; the key of the bread closet having, by some mistake, been left in. They eat, between them, a whole five-cent loaf. The lady of the house, missing her key, went for it, and missed the loaf. These poor children, not thinking it a very great crime, promptly confessed having eaten it. In the evening, when Mr. I. S. came home, his kind-hearted lady informed him of the pilfering propensities of these two little children. He had them taken into a large room, and stripped of all their clothing, and then he beat these two poor creatures with a cowhide, laying it on with all his might for about fifteen minutes; and they had to be put *to bed*, sick, to save their lives. When they got better, as a further punishment, their food was made more scant, which was too scant before. One of the little girls, the youngest, seeing a piece of bread on the sideboard, in the dining-room, when her kind-hearted mistress was there, quietly put her hand on the bread and told Mrs. I. S. that she must have it, for she was starving. Scarcely had she got the bread to her mouth, when Mrs. I. S. darted at her, snatched the bread from her, and gave her two slight taps. In the evening she was again called into the presence of Mr. I. S. Seeing him have the cowhide in his hand, and remembering the last cruel and unjust flagellation she had had, she turned round, made one spring, cleared the back piazza, and threw herself down the sink. It was only by great exertions that this poor creature was saved from suffocating. These exertions were not made from any feeling of humanity, but from interested motives, the said child being worth some seven or eight hundred dollars. The finger of God has been the avenger of these poor creatures. The eldest son, a good man, was destroyed by the premature discharge of a cannon; another son turned out dishonest and disgraced the family.

WITNESS.

THE JERRY RESCUE.—We infer from the letter of Gerrit Smith, which we copy in another place, that the anniversary of the Jerry Rescue is not likely to be celebrated this year. There is a great deal of wholesome truth in that letter, and the rebuke it conveys to the person to whom it is addressed and those associated with him is perhaps deserved; but we think, notwithstanding, that Mr. Smith would have exhibited more wisdom if he had encouraged and aided the proposed celebration. With the croaking, despairing and almost misanthropic tone of the letter we cannot sympathize. Voting even for good men is not "the end of the law for righteousness," and the sun was not blotted out of the heavens when Mr. Smith failed to get himself elected Governor of the Empire State. In spite of the abounding ignorance, blindness and hypocrisy of the people, and in spite of the inconsistencies and short-comings of Abolitionists, there is still abundant encouragement to labor for the abolition of slavery. Mr. Smith and his immediate followers have exaggerated the importance of certain political instrumentalities and fed themselves with delusive hopes of grand results to be thereby suddenly achieved; and in the bitterness of their present disappointment they speak and write unwisely.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

THE aspects of the cause in this State are reported to be highly auspicious. Anti-slavery meetings are largely attended, and people of all classes evince a lively interest in them.

The meeting advertised for last Saturday and Sunday, in Grubb's Woods, Chester County, was, as our Philadelphia correspondent informs us, with one or two exceptions, the largest anti-slavery gathering that has been held in the State since the burning of Pennsylvania Hall. The speakers were Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim, Thomas Whitson, Reuben Tomlinson and Norwood P. and Edward N. Hallowell. Much added interest was imparted to the meeting by the presence of Miss Greenfield. Her song, "Pity the Slave," was an eloquent appeal, and her other pieces did much to enhance the effectiveness of the meeting.

The duty of making Pennsylvania, in all respects, a free State was strongly urged by most of the speakers. A petition to this effect, asking for the passage by the Legislature of a Personal Liberty bill, was read, and copies distributed for circulation. Assurances were given that a large number of names would be procured in time for presentation at the opening of the Assembly.

A bountiful collation was spread each day, at noon recess, by the hospitable forethought of the ladies in the neighborhood, and all needing refreshment were duly cared for.

Such meetings as these, held all over the State, would put Pennsylvania among the foremost of her Confederate sisters. We hope our friends there will keep the ball rolling. Agitation is all that is needed to do the work.

## PERSONAL.

Charles Dickens, it is now said, is not coming to the United States this fall.

Joshua R. Giddings is expected to lecture in some of the principal villages of Vermont during the present month.

The Rev. T. W. Higginson of Worcester was victorious in a wherry match at Pigeon Cove, Rockport, Mass., a few days ago. The distance rowed was one mile; best two in three; a lady carried in the boat during the first trial.

*The Providence Journal* of Sept. 1st says that the Hon. Horace Mann, in his last sickness, expressed a wish to be and will be buried by the side of his first wife in that city, who lies in the North Burial Ground with her father, Rev. Dr. Messer.

The West Chester (Pa.) *Times* speaks of the lecture on Cuba lately delivered in that place by Mrs. Frances D. Gage of St. Louis as "full of interest to those who would know more of that Island, its products, its people and their social habits and customs." Mr. Gage, we observe, is engaged in pleading the cause of Temperance, to the great satisfaction of the people of Chester County.

A meeting of friends of the late Horace Mann was held at the Broadway Bank, on Saturday last, to adopt suitable measures for some tribute of respect to his memory. Richard Warren, Esq., Rev. A. A. Livermore, Marcus Spring, Esq., and others took part in the proceedings. Messrs. Wm. M. Pritchard, Dr. J. H. Griscom, and F. A. Palmer, were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for a more public meeting, to be held at a future day.

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE, by which many of our readers have been both pleased and instructed, are either concluded or suspended. The following extract of a private note from him, dated at London, Aug. 5th, and which we copy from the Syracuse *Standard*, contains all that we know of his later movements:

"I pray you to tell all who may ask you that it is by no means certain that I have nothing interesting to tell them, but because the weather has been so extremely hot that I have had no strength to spare. Since we left Coblentz, where I mailed my last budget of letters to the *Standard*, we have visited Cologne, and studied the magnificent Cathedral there. Thence we came to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Antwerp and Brussels, and thence to Paris. In each place I gathered materials enough for a letter, but we were so constantly on the wing that I was glad to rest whenever we stopped, and all the while we were in Paris it was too hot to do anything but keep cool. I came from Paris to Tenterden last Friday.

"Tell all my friends I am sorry to have skipped so many interesting places and persons, that I have seen since my last to the *Standard*, which was mailed at Coblentz on the 6th of July. But I have minutes of all and may write some letters to the paper after my return. It has been extremely hot weather. I have felt weak and have sought rest rather than work. It is now pleasanter weather, and not very hot. But this city is fearfully noisy. I shall not stay here long, but what course I shall take is not yet determined."

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

## SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON,

1860.

In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

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|---|---|
| MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, | LYDIA D. PARKER, |
| MARY MAY, | ELIZA F. EDDY, |
| LOUISA LORING, | ABBY FRANCIS, |
| ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, | SARAH RUSSELL MAY, |
| L. MARIA CHILD, | ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, |
| HENRIETTA SARGENT, | SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, |
| ANNE WARREN WESTON, | EVELINA A. S. SMITH, |
| MARY GRAY CHAPMAN, | ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL, |
| HELEN ELIZA GARRISON, | AUGUSTA G. KING, |
| SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, | ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, |
| FRANCES MARY ROBBINS, | ANNA SHAW GREENE, |
| CAROLINE WESTON, | ELIZA APTHORP, |
| MARY WILLEY, | ANNE LANGDON ALGER, |
| SARAH BLAKE SHAW, | MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT, |
| SUSAN C. CABOT, | MATTIE GRIFFITH, |
| SARAH P. REMOND, | ELIZA ANDREW. |

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION.—We copied last week, from *The Tribune*, an article entitled "The West Indian Black Man"; and this week we publish another, from the same paper, entitled "The West Indian White Man." These articles, in which the results of emancipation are admirably summed up, were, we suspect, written by SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Esq., formerly and for so long a period connected with this journal, and now a member of *The Tribune's* editorial staff.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—Our readers will be glad to learn that the most extensive and varied collection of French and English paintings ever exhibited in New York will be opened to the public, at the rooms of the Academy of Design, in Tenth street, near Broadway, on Monday next. It will contain, among others, the master-pieces of Rosa Bonheur, Ary Scheffer, Frére, Troyon, Millais, Couture, Bryon, Herring, Gerald, Isabey, Landseer and Stanfield. Some of these pictures, including the last ever painted by Ary Scheffer, and the "Hay-Making," by Rosa Bonheur, which was painted expressly for this exhibition, were never publicly shown in Europe. The public are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Gambart, the publisher, of London, for the opportunity of seeing this fine collection.

## Summary.

SIX PAUPERS BURNED TO DEATH.—*Bath, N. Y., August 28th, 1859.*—Last night at about 1½ o'clock a fire broke out in a building adjoining the Steuben County Poor-House, occupied by the deranged and raving members of that institution. The building was destroyed, and six of its occupants were roasted alive.—*Cor. Tribune.*

The free negroes in Jamaica have addressed a letter to the family of the late Joseph Sturge, expressing their heartfelt sympathy with the friends of religion, of justice, and of humanity at large, in "that affecting Providence by which they have been called to sustain the loss of so distinguished a Christian and philanthropist."

The *New Orleans Crescent* suggests that "Yankees" taking up their abodes South should be compelled to live there twenty-one years before being allowed to vote! It designates them as "Northern foreigners." *The Crescent* would do injustice to its best friends, for it is notorious that "Yankees" going South to live not only become the staunchest supporters of slavery, but the most intensely cruel "masters" and "drivers."

THE WINE CROP.—Mr. R. Buchanan of Cincinnati, in a letter to the St. Louis Horticultural Society, says the vintage of 1859 near Cincinnati will be the largest since 1853. The average yield will be about 400 gallons to the acre, although some vineyards will produce 600 to 800 gallons to the acre. Within twenty miles around Cincinnati it is estimated the crop will amount to 800 000 gallons; so that the wine crop of Ohio the present year may be safely estimated at over $1,000,000 in value.

The Kansas correspondent of *The Philadelphia Bulletin* says: "The indications are that a vigorous fight will be made on the Constitution, but that that instrument will be adopted by about 5 000 majority. Parrot, the Republican nominee, will also be elected, but by not more than 1 000 over his opponent. A great many Republicans think there is much to choose between the two men on the course, except in name. This feeling produces much lukewarmness, and will be prejudicial to Parrott's success."

AFRICANS LANDING IN HAVANA.—The regular correspondent of *The Savannah Republican*, writing from Havana under date of Aug. 8, has the following:

"A cargo of Bozal negroes was landed recently at Punta de la Tijas, near Sierra Morena, and another cargo at Sagua la Grande. This latter cargo was most audaciously placed in a railway train and consigned to the estates in the interior. As a sort of "make believe," the *Administrador* of the railway and the engineer in charge of the train, an Englishman named Graham, were both arrested, but were speedily set at liberty, on the ground that nothing criminal could be proved against them."

The *Springfield Republican* says:

"R. Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina, the leader of the Nullifiers, was born in Massachusetts, and changed his name from Smith, to please his rich father-in-law. Horace Maynard of Tennessee, the uncompromising hater of the North, was born of poor parents at Westboro, graduated at Amherst, and went South to 'teach school.' Slidell of Louisiana was a Yankee, and Hammond of South Carolina was born of New England parents. In fact the most outrageous Southern demagogues were 'raised' in the North, to adopt an expression of their present home. Of Southern disunion editors, most are of Northern origin, who think they can't be too hot to please the children of the sun."

A FUGITIVE SLAVE HURRIED OFF TO CANADA.—The Vigilance Committee of this city have had reason to suppose within the past two or three days that a planter of North Carolina had reached this city in pursuit of a fugitive slave who left for the North one day quite suddenly about a year since. The fugitive in question had obtained a comfortable berth on board one of the Eastern steamboats, the arrival of which at this port, the Committee believed, was awaited by the master, in order to arrest the fugitive. Accordingly, a delegation of the committee proceeded yesterday to Portland took the fugitive from the boat and started him at once on route to the British Provinces.—*Boston Traveller, 30th.*

EDITORIAL LIFE.—But few readers ever duly feels labor and care devolving upon an editor—one show now a his responsibility. Capt. Marryatt says: "Of itself it appears periodical will wear down one's existence it in the labor; it is nothing; the labor is not manifest: Your life becomes, of the continual attention it requires: No sooner completed were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner completed and printed than on comes another, and constant weight upon plus, an endless repetition demanding all the exertions of the intellect and spirits. Time you are compelled to the your fat drudge—ma yourself to slavery."

edit one is to [illegible]

A [illegible] joke is told of Beecher and Park Benjamin, [illegible] It is probably not true: On one of their lecturing expeditions, they were riding in the same railway car. Getting into conversation about preaching, Becher was so courteous as to ask Benjamin to come over to Brooklyn some Sabbath morning and hear him. "I do not know where your meeting-house is," said Benjamin; "how shall I find it?" "Oh," replied Beecher, "all you have to do is, I find it?" "Oh," the ferries, and follow the crowd." "I have over on one of continued Benjamin, "but for one reason." "Ah!! come," con "Because," said Benjamin, with a merry look out of his eye. "I make it an invariable rule never to go to any place of amusement on Sunday!"

FIRST QUAKER MEETING IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says: On First day morning, July 31, the room of the Board of Supervisors, in the City Hall, San Francisco, was entirely filled by those who desired to be present on the occasion of the first meeting of the "Society of Friends" in this State. Robert Lindsay and wife, who recently arrived in the country, are accredited ministers of the London Yearly Meeting. Their presence in California is welcomed by many who were members, or who had been accustomed to attend meetings of the Society of Friends in their former homes. Robert Lindsay delivered a sermon of an hour's duration, marked by a simple eloquence, fervor and grace, which charmed every hearer. His wife followed in a very brief and beautiful discourse. The whole assemblage evinced deep interest and close attention.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—I find a general unwillingness on the part of the people of Western Virginia to employ slave labor. I heard a gentleman candidly avow that he would, under no circumstances, own a slave; and he remarked that there were thousands in that region who entertained a similar objection. Slavery in Western Virginia is merely nominal, and, limited as slave-labor is in this section, it is rapidly giving way under the influence and advantages of the free-labor system. It is idle to say that Freesoilism constitutes any serious objection to a candidate for office in the west. That the truth were known, it would be found to constitute a very acceptable feature in his record; but this feeling is suppressed in deference to Eastern Virginia, and from motives of sectional interest affecting the progress of the internal improvements of this section, which rely on the East in a great measure for their completion.—*Cor. Times.*

A Convention of the Democratic party, says *The Port Gibson Reveille*, of Claiborne County, Miss., pursuant to call, met in the town of Port Gibson on Monday the 8th inst. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

"Resolved, That we deem it due to exact justice, equal rights and sound policy to declare, as the voice of this meeting, that so much of the 29th article of the 7th section of the Revised Code of the State as declares against the legal right and forbids the bringing into this State of slaves from beyond the limits of the United States, under the penalty of $1 000, ought to be expunged from the statutes; and regarding the said enactment as an endorsement of Federal usurpation, as a reflection upon the institution of slavery, and as being contrary to sound Southern policy, we do further declare it to be the sense of this meeting that the Legislature of this State ought to repeal said enactment at its next regular session."

PRIMITIVE HABITS IN OREGON.—The Oregonians must certainly be a people very simple in their style of living. The following incident of the discussion which recently took place in the Legislature of that State, with regard to the Senatorial election, will give us an insight into the manners of those distant settlers:

"Mr. Cochran said, I do not propose to dictate to men as to what they should do, but I propose to take this question up as we do other questions, and I desire to see it acted upon with as much judgment as though there was no commotion in the Democratic party, or in the country, on any subject whatever I do hope that gentlemen will keep their clothes on, at least while discussing the questions that relate to the Senatorial election (laughter).

"Mr. Tichenor—I would ask the gentleman one question—who is without their clothes? (Laughter).

"Mr. Cochran—The gentleman from Coose and Curry (Tichenor).

"Mr. Tichenor—Well, I have a right to do so, but I am not without any clothes—I have a shirt on, sir (laughter).

COLORED C

# Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## THE POET.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

"Come, Naiad, from thy silver stream—
Come, Dryad, from thy mossy tree"—
Thus spake the poet in his dream—
"And keep me company.

"Oh, watch with me the clouds that glow
Like fire within the sunset sky!
Oh, list with me the murmurs low
Of waters hurrying by!

"With voices of the rippling stream,
And voices of the wind-swept tree,
Speak," said the poet in his dream,
"And tell the truth to me!

"Speak, spirits of river and of wood,
And say, would ye not choose to be—
Were ye of earthly flesh and blood—
A poet poor like me?
For mine is all the goodly earth,
Though I am come of low degree!"

## MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

### CHAP. VI.

The village of L——, usually so quiet, dull and drowsy, was quite alive and active now, for it was "Court day"—always an important day in inland towns. Swarms of people crowded round the Court-house; and along the fences, and in front of the taverns, store-houses and public buildings generally, horses were tied up, by every variety and style of bridle, from the gay red list and stout leather to the broken and knotted rope.

At the corners of the streets, under awnings, negro women sold apples, melons and ginger cakes to hungry boys.

Everything and everybody were astir. Groups of farmers, in white hats and country jean coats, stood about the pavements, discussing politics, or settling, according to their own notions, some old and long-pending law suits; while tobacco juice and oaths flowed in plentiful streams.

Two men, in rough blue jean coats and dirty straw hats, and carrying large riding switches in their hands, passed down the main street, and, pausing in front of the clerk's office (which adjoins the Court-house), began to read the advertisements and notices that were posted upon the fences. Let us quote two of these:

$500 REWARD!—Ran away from me, on last Monday night, two negroes—a man and a woman. The man is about thirty-five years of age, a dark mulatto, six feet high, with a scar under his left eye, stout shoulders, able body, and a good-natured face. Had on when he left blue cotton pantaloons and a roundabout. The woman is about thirty, looks older, very black, with a heavy face, and slightly lame; wore a striped calico frock, white apron and neck handkerchief. The above reward will be promptly paid, if apprehended in this State, or lodged in some county jail and sent to me.
A. D. VERTNER.

$50 REWARD if taken in the State, $75 if caught out of the State, or within five hundred miles of ——— County, ———.
Whereas, about off from the subscriber, on last Friday, a likely negro woman, upwards of thirty-five years of age, very black, appears to be of height. Wore a striped calico domestic frock, walks a little lame, and is quite glib of speech. Had domestic frock, walks a little lame, and information sent to the sub above reward will be paid if found, or
A. Dor.

There were a number of PETOR, per JANE M. VITETOR. were carefully read by the two lar notices, all of which

"'Pears to me, Mac," said the grades in jean.

"'Pears to me, Mac," said the grades in jean. stampede 'mong the niggers. Any one, "thar's bin a 'em?" 'ur'n bin 'mong

"No, d—d if mine gits a chance. I o man whose niggers runs off; it's a sure sig't pity a lowin' 'em liberties—lettin' 'em visit an' keep 'bin Thar's nothin' so bad for niggers as a visitin'. I ney. allow strange niggers in my kitchen or cabins. I mak that rule, and I don't low it to be broken. Why, bless you, if visitin' was 'lowed 'mong 'em, I'd never be able to keep an egg or a spring chicken on the place; they'd all be stolen. It's as nat'ral fur a nigger to steal as 'tis fur a white man to eat when he's hungry."

"I don't know so well 'bout that, Capt. Mac; I haven't got, to be sure, a great drove, like you. I only keeps three—two farm hands an' one woman to cook an' wash. I don't own 'em even. I hire, but then I have bin a hirin' these steady on fur the last ten years, so they kinder 'pears like my own. I ain't had occasion even to strike one of 'em a lick. They's all of one family—a man an' his wife an' brother; and, Capt. Mac, I do find 'em as faithful as money they was my own family."

"Do they belong to the Church?" inquired Mac, with a quizzical look and tone.

"Yes, they all belongs to the Baptist Church, an' I 'lows 'em to take turn 'bout in going to the meetin' in the school-house. I belong to the same meetin'; indeed, Jerry an' me jined church at the same time an' was baptized together."

"I hope he wasn't dipped with you, Sam Bosby?"

"No, Capt. Mac, Brother Downes allers baptizes the whites first, an' the niggers afterwards; an' that's right, you know."

"I ain't so sure of that, Sam Bosby; if you baptizes a nigger at all, I think he should be dipped longer the rest of you. If you give him the right hand of fellowship, do it in the clean way."

"Yes, but the Church doesn't mean to equalize ...ites an' niggers."

"Then the Church tells a d—d lie, for it ...s all is on an equal footin'. Come, now, Sam Bosby; 'tain't no use talkin' yer religion to me, 'cause I do think its worth a snap of my finger."

"Oh, Capt. Mac, you are a very irreligious man. I ask yer pardon, but really I can't hear you talk so without feelin' it my bounden duty to tell yer of it, for the sake of yer immort...soul."

"Oh, hang it! quit yer fudge. Who told you my soul was immortal? I tell you ag'in an' ag'in, Sam Bosby, I don't believe in yer churches; I don't believe in any of yer good talk; I don't care blazes for the soul, because I only believe in what I've seen an' felt."

"Haven't you felt that you had a soul? Haven't you had immortal longings?"

"I never had longings fur anything but money, an' some how or other, by hook or crook, I've managed to git a pretty round sum of that. Niggers ain't no more to me 'an horses or cows. If I believed in God, heaven, hell and the soul, why, I'd believe at once that it was wrong to hold niggers in bondage."

"Oh, no, Capt. Mac, the Scripter justifies slavery. Many times my own heart has bin agin it, but then I'd turn to the Scripter an' find it justified thar, an' so I've eased myself of any scruples an' smitings I had afore."

"Yes, that Bible! every body proves his or her ism by it. My 'pinion is that's its good enuff book for wimmin an' chillen; but men—'tain't fit fur men. It does to skeer the wimmin. They likes to read 'bout the New Jerusalem an' sich towns, because that sort of trumpery of gold streets an' shiny gates pleases 'em; but its trash to men. Now, I likes well enuff fur my wife to belong to the church; I kind of encouraged her to jine, for its a sort of excitement, this goin' to meetin' of Sundays; rain or shine, I have to gear up the old carry-all an' drive my wife over to the school-house. 'Pon my word, I kan't see no immediate good in it, an' yit it 'pears kind o' necessary fur the wimmin folks."

"Oh, yes, Capt. Mac, yer wife is one of the sure ones; her salvation is sartain. I've watched her in meetin' an' it 'pears likes her face is bright with divine promise."

At this the factious MacFarland gave a contemptuous sneer; and the two moved away in the direction of the Court-house. Encountering Col. Vertner, they bowed very politely and halted, MacFarland remarking—

"Well, Colonel, I see, from a notice stuck up, that you has bin losin' two niggers."

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "but as Tom Hynes has undertaken the job, I've no doubt they will soon be returned to me."

"Yes, Tom an' his hounds is sure on a scent; them niggers is safe. But, Colonel, I niver has any of these disturbances on my place. I keep my slaves tight."

"So I have heard, Capt. MacFarland," replied the Colonel, "but I do not believe in severe treatment. Negroes are human creatures, and I have established the mild rule on my place. I have repeatedly turned off overseers because of cruelty, and now appointed one of the slaves to over-look, give out and attend to the work, and I find that we get along with less whipping, less complaints."

"And on account of this mild rule, as yer call it, two niggers runs off together one night. Ah, ha! ha! Colonel, the laugh is agin yer."

"So it may be, Capt. MacFarland, but for all that I shan't allow cruelty; mild measures are wise measures; so, good morning, Captain—good morning, Mr. Bosby."

"The Colonel is a gentlemanly man," observed MacFarland, as he gave his companion a familiar nudge.

"Yes, but he can't keep a hotel," replied MacFarland, as he gave his companion a familiar nudge.

Bosby seemed to enjoy the wit of the remark, if we might judge from the laugh he gave.

"Yes, sir," continued MacFarland, "these readin' men ain't much fur actual life. They judges too much from the books. My man Tom allers laughs, and says to me, 'Master, Col. Vertner's niggers says that their master wants 'em to farm 'cordin' to the newspapers, but some how 'twon't hang.' Yer see, in that case, the niggers knows better 'an thar master; fur it won't do to introduce yer machines upon farms. Niggers don't understand 'em. The only machine I believe in is the big greasy arms of niggers, kept in good order by a smart whip."

"That's the one yer uses too."

"Well, it is; an' nowhere 'bout in these parts can you match my niggers."

In such conversation as this the two men continued, as they walked up the street.

They passed a quiet, neatly-dressed gentleman, who was walking leisurely down the street.

"Ah, who is he?" inquired Bosby.

"That's the new schoolmaster, who's come here from some of them Yankee States. He is tryin' to git up a school here."

"He is nice lookin'.

"Yes, fur a schoolmaster or a storekeeper, but I am sure he knows nothin' 'bout business."

"Them guessing Yankees, clock-makers, &c., generally has a turn fur luck."

"Oh, they are shrewd enuff, an' can lie as fast as you or me can count, an' that's a way to git along."

Meanwhile, the stranger, whom our friends recognized as the "Yankee schoolmaster," pursued the even tenor of his way, all unconscious of the novel criticism which his gentleman-like appearance provoked. He was indeed a remarkable looking person, and, seen among these rude villagers and country people, seemed like a swan among a swarm of crows. The whole manner of the man was that of utter self-poise, self-trust, as though he realized his manhood and determined that others should respect it. The figure was that of a conscious, satisfied man; the face was cold, and slightly severe in expression, with a clear, pale complexion and prominent brow. Thought, culture and fine speculations looked out from those calm blue eyes, while the brown hair (of which there was a plentiful crop) was cut short and brushed close to the head, giving to the face a somewhat curt and shrewd expression, which was not natural to it. The neat suit of black broadcloth, black kid gloves and shining hat bespoke a well-to-do sort of condition, and strongly contrasted with the coarse home-spun of the surrounding farmers.

On and on he continued his walk, until he got far beyond the town limits, into the outskirts of the woods, admiring, at every step, some new charms of the magnificent forest. True, though he missed the faithful cultivation, the patient toil and tasteful elaboration which have made his own native New England's rocky soil to blossom and bloom like a very garden of roses, here, at least, he found nature in all her wild and rollicking luxuriance, bursting into full-hearted beauty, running over with glee and laughter, like a maiden of seventeen. It was as if he had stumbled upon enchanted ground. He looked round expecting to meet fairies, wood nymphs and sylvan goddesses, and lo! one did come almost at his call; for, as he turned round, Madge Vertner came galloping by on her sleek little pony, her face looking as bright and blooming as Aurora's, beneath the shadow of her riding-hat, with its waving black plumes.

Observing the nonplussed ... of the stranger, with all a Southerner's genial readiness, Madge remarked:

"Have you lost your path, sir? Turn to the right, and, by crossing that little thicket, you will strike the main road, which conducts to the village."

As she gave these directions, she indicated the way by a graceful motion of her riding-whip. Without waiting for a reply, she rode swiftly on.

"Surely, that is the original Die Vernon," thought the stranger; "or I am in the heart of enchanted land. Everything is glorious here."

With these pleasant fancies working in his heart, he turned away from the wood and followed exactly the direction which Madge had given.

Along the public way he frequently encountered, as he returned, negroes half-clothed, ragged, dirty and deplorable looking; so he began to question his first suggestions of fairy land.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## THE LADY OF LIEBENSTEIN.*

A BALLAD.

The wandering swallow at twilight went
To her home 'neath the castle battlement,

And gently down in her clay built nest,
With drowsy twitter she dropped to rest.

And proud, through the gateway opening wide,
Went the red-cross knight and his Grecian bride;

While the shadows settled below on the Rhine,
And over Sternfels and Liebenstein,

And the festal lights they beamed afar,
And Sternfels shone like the evening star!

Through the halls, all hung with the spear and lance,
... the knight and the maid in the winding dance,
And ...
Were filled goblets, with roses bright,
... with the red wine's crimson light,
And the harp ...
And the minstrel chaunck by the harper bold,
... his legend old,
And the hours went by like a ... stream,
As ... pass in Elysian fields, we deem.

But hushed ... the halls of ...
There was neither dance nor the clink of wine,

And Silence, gloom- and lowering,
Brooded above like an evil thing.

From under the gateway, with sorrow bent,
A grim and mailed warrior went,

And stood in the halls of Sternfels lone,
For the dance was over, the feast was done,

And there strode to ... him, in armor bright,
Through the op... portal, the red-cross knight;

And the ...thers, grimly fronting, stood
A ...ent still ere the deadly feud.
Short space and silent they held their breath,
As gazing each on the spectre death;

And slowly, with neither sigh nor word,
Each drew from the scabbard his flashing sword,

When, with tresses bright as their armor's shine,
Trode 'twixt them the Lady of Liebenstein!

"Cease, brothers mine, for more to me
Ye now can never, never be;

"Ah, when your sire, now gray with grief,
And trembling age like the autumn-leaf,

"Under his roof, to his own hearth-stone
Took me, an orphan weak and lone,

"Forsaken, with neither power nor place,
Albeit come of a knightly race,

"To dwell with ye all side by side,
And *he* won my heart as his future bride,

"Who far through other climes to rove
But went to find him another love,

"How could I dream that thus for me
This deadly feud should ever be?

"Or ever I enter the cloister dim,
To chaunt in secret the holy hymn,

"Thou who hast broken to me thy faith,
And thou who hast loved to the bitter death,

"From hatred dire and deadly cease—
Give and receive the kiss of peace.

"Mine eyes refuse their wonted flood,
But my heart in secret weeps tears of blood—

"From off my soul this burden take
I pray for Jesu Christ his sake!"

The beadsman by her side that stood
He made the sign of the holy rood!

Each brother heart, from hate at rest,
Beat warmly then on a brother's breast,

And low, through tears, on the night-wind's swell,
The maid she murmured her last farewell.

And never more her footsteps fell
In these ancient halls she had graced so well;

And all unknown, as erst she came,
She passed away with a feigned name.

With a lover new the fickle Greek
Fled as the ros...on her fading cheek,

And the kr...ghtly brothers passed away
Under the watch of the warder gray.

The names of all in the past are lost—
This story only time's waste hath crossed.

The knight and the maid have passed away,
And the falling walls with moss are gray,

The halls are fearfully still and lone,
And the bramble covers the broad hearthstone,

And the coney there hath made his house,
And the nightly owl, and the flittermouse.

The sere-leaves fall on the rising gale,
That walls through the ruin a dreary wail,

And the autumn-clouds begin to lower,
And the raven croaks on the ruined tower,

And often here, in the after time,
Shall the wanderer come from a distant clime,

And down by the Rhine his way shall wend,
As he leans on the arm of his chosen friend,

And mournfully tell the tale I have sung,
In the alien tones of his stranger-tongue,

And add, as he muses of time and death,
"'Tis thus that the ancient legend saith."

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

Chester County, Pennsylvania, September, 1859.

*On the summit of a steep mountain, on the right bank of the Rhine, just above Bornhofen, stand the ruins of two mediæval castles which go under the names of Sternfels and Liebenstein. This ballad is founded on the legend from which they derive their collective name of "The Brothers," and which has always seemed to me one of the most dramatic of the legends of the middle ages

### RICHES.

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly;
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold. —*Pope*

## *MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.*

It is to be feared—more than feared—that no faithful administrator of a constitutional monarchy is likely to descend from a Bourbon. This, however, in no way affects the interest we have felt in the memoirs we are about to introduce to our readers' notice. It is an interest which all may share, be their politics what they may; an interest which it is well that all should share, for sympathy with sorrow nobly borne, and tender admiration for feminine worth, are never felt wholly in vain.

The little French book now before us, published a few weeks ago, has already passed through four editions, though one year has not yet elapsed since the unexpected death of the sweet woman whose life it sketches for us. No wonder, then, that in its tone we trace something of the idealizing tenderness of recent bereavement.

Helen-Louisa-Elizabeth of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had, we find, hereditary claims to strength and charm of character; her mother—Caroline of Weimar—was the daughter of the grand duke who classed Goethe and Schiller amongst his friends, and of that Princess Louisa, whose gentle intelligence conciliated Napoleon himself, and won from the haughty conqueror some concessions in favor of her suffering country. The Princess Helen, born in 1814, lost her mother when she was a little unconscious child of two; but that mother's place was filled, according to her dying request, by a cousin of her own, who devoted herself to the care and education of the orphans, and won their hearts by a quite maternal tenderness. From earliest years, the young Helen appears to have had the genius to be loved. Delicate in health as she was susceptible in feeling, her instructors were obliged rather to keep her back than to urge her on in her studies; for the recital of a heroic deed, or a touching incident, would completely overcome her. At the age of twelve, she lost a young companion in lessons and play, and fell sick of very sorrow, retaining ever after an expression of sadness on her sweet young face—a prophecy of darker trials yet to come. Up to the age of thirteen, the princess had been brought up in strict seclusion, and with most simple tastes. Living generally in the country, nature made of her "a lady of her own," and to the last, "skiey influences," fine scenery, and the sight of flowers, were to her sources of lively enjoyment. At the age of sixteen, she was confirmed according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, in the presence of many humble friends, who loved and prayed for "*unsere gute Helene*," as they called her. We may perhaps wonder that brought up thus in simple and primitive relations with the people, and accustomed to see them perfectly satisfied with a paternal government, she would have been able, at her early age, to hear without horror, nay, with interest and sympathy, of the rising of the French nation against their sovereign; but certain it is that from the first her heart espoused the popular cause, and that the name of Orleans, as identified with it, had for her a special interest. From this time forward, French literature, the French language, everything relating to France, occupied a large share of her attention.

Soon after the revolution of 1830, the delicate health of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg led to her being sent to Töplitz. The Princess Helen spent most of her time in her step-mother's sick-room; but all who saw her were deeply impressed with her sweetness and intelligence—the king of Prussia particularly so, as we shall see presently. At Töplitz, the Duchess of Angoulême made the acquaintance of the young girl, destined, like herself, to exile; and these two noble natures responded to each other at once. In 1834, a second great sorrow fell upon the young princess; her brother Albert met with a grievous accident, and, after some months of suffering, died. His sister nursed him through days and nights of anguish, herself unsustained by any hope of his recovery, and brought all her fortitude and resignation to help him patiently to bear pain and part with life's promise at the age of twenty-two.

The winter following her brother's death was spent by her in the solitude of the country, with no other relaxation than such as she found in her visits to the cottages of the poor. Her sorrow's solace was to help the suffering.

But the time drew near when the quiet tenor of her daily life was to change. In the spring of 1836, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours paid a visit to the court of Berlin, where they were affectionately received by the king, whose only regret was that he had no daughter of his own to trust to their care. But he recollected the young Helen with whom he had been so charmed six years before at Töplitz, and painted her in such attractive colors that the young duke resolved to see and judge for himself, and then proceeded to sound the feelings of the Mecklenburg court upon the subject. The grand duke dreaded to trust his young sister to so uncertain a fate; but the very trials of the position, the very insecurity of the throne of France, appeared but additional cared less for happiness. spirit of the princess herself, who all mental and moral faculties in the full development of ... a glorious, and an important life-task." The marriage-contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1837; and early in May, the young betrothed left Germany, accompanied by her mother. Her entry into France was bright and triumphal, and her native grace and dignity at once charmed the impressional people, whose future queen she seemed destined to be. How dim and dream-like that Fountainbleau meeting now seems, thrown into remote distance by fresh revolutions and another dynasty on the throne! Yet we can still discern that it was a touching scene: Louis-Philippe standing at the foot of the great staircase, surrounded by his stalwart sons, the good queen with her daughters grouped around her; the young princess, with her royal yet child-like look, bending gracefully to kiss the king's hand, then throwing herself lovingly into the arms of her new mother. Here is a letter of hers, written on the first anniversary of her marriage, to her most intimate friend: "To-day my heart is more than ever happy and thankful. It is one of those days which one greets on each return with fresh emotion. How different to the past year! Now all my former hopes are realized, and new ones bind me to life. A true and deep affection, which that day I did not even presage, is now rooted in my heart; my position with respect to my family is established on a firm basis, and founded, as regards the nation, on a hope near at hand: here are causes for thankfulness which exceed what your dear heart and that of my mother could have hoped or I imagined." And again, writing to the same friend, a few hours after the birth of the Count of Paris, we have a strain of still fuller joy: "How gracious God is! Your heart has lifted itself up in thanksgiving as well as mine—it has felt the greatness of my happiness. Yes, your child is the happiest of mothers, and her heart feels too weak to contain the whole of its bliss. A new world spreads out before me: a child to cherish, the hopes of a nation to be realized through that child's future. A great, a glorious task; may God give wisdom and guidance!"

The birth of a second son, in 1840, filled this full cup fuller still; but it was held in a steady hand. Earnestly religious and thoughtful from her childhood upwards, her biographer says of her at this time, that "not one simple pleasure found her indifferent, not one failed to awake in her a train of heavenward thought." Happy for her indeed was it, for trouble was at hand. The poor heart was to have for its trial "all the sun and all the shower." Delicate health set in, and the doctors insisted that she should leave Neuilly for Plombières. Always careless of her own health, she reluctantly obeyed. She regretted to leave her children in the summer season, when she could most share the outdoor pleasures of their little lives. On the 2d of July, 1842, she left Neuilly, accompanied by her husband. This, their last journey together, was a bright and cheerful one. The delicate health was hardly felt to be an evil. "I am so happy," characteristically observed the duchess one day, "that I have not the least wish to get well. If I had not this trial, I should probably have some more painful one. Of all evils, physical suffering is the least, and I only go to Plombières because my family wish it." They reached Plombières on the 6th of July. That evening her husband walked with her through one of the pretty neighboring valleys, and as she often stopped to gather the wild-flowers, he too would gather and add to her store. He brought her a handful of the wild scabious. The omen was not noticed then. Looking back, a loving superstition remembered that the scabious is called the widow's flower.

On the 7th of July, the duke departed very early in the morning. O these unconscious *last* partings! How is it that the poor heart has no foreboding—that we smile back at lips that will never smile on us again, look calmly into eyes that will greet ours no more, that these great agonies cast no shadow before them! "We shall not be long parted," said the poor princess; "but the first moment is always painful."

On the 13th, the duke set out to Neuilly, to bid adieu to his father before his own departure for St. Omer. Passing the gate of Maillot, the horses took fright and ran away; the postilion could not stop, though he could still guide them. The duke jumped out—fell with such violence as to cause concussion of the brain, and, after a few hours of insensibility, breathed his last in the small house to which he had been carried. His whole family—all but his poor wife—were around him as he died; the queen, in that hour of fiery trial, ejaculating, with a sublime resignation stronger even than a mother's grief: "*O mon Dieu, c'est beaucoup souffrir, mais ce n'est pas trop souffrir!*" We return to Plombières. "On the 14th, the weather being fine, the Duchess of Orleans rejoiced to feel herself stronger, and proposed an excursion to the valley of Gérarmé, the home, for several generations, of a family of musical peasants, who still show with pride a pianoforte made by their grandfather. The princes asked to see it, and rested for some time in the cabin, where a young shepherd executed, on a wretched guitar, all sorts of airs, which she tried after him, to the great delight of all his family. It was late when the party returned to Plombières, and the princess had to receive some guests at dinner. Enlivened by her excursion, her hands full of flowers, she hurried up to her own room, and began her toilet. Madame de Montesquiou, too, was just beginning to dress, when a servant came to tell her that General Baudrand begged her to go down to him. Surprised at such a request, it had to be twice repeated. "Madame, he begs you will go down at once."

"But, good heavens, Monnier, you look scared!"

"Madame, I entreat you, go down at once."

"My God, what has happened? Is the king assassinated?"

"Madame, you may fear the worst; but do not remain so near the princess—go down noiselessly."

She went down, and found the general with his letter in hand, unable to speak or to rise from his seat. He held out to her the fatal letter, which contained only these words—"The prince royal is dead." Had he been assassinated—had he fallen in quelling an insurrection—had some sudden illness carried him off? These few words only announced the irreparable calamity—how announce it thus to the princess without any preparation or explanation soever? There was no time to be lost; the valet-de-chambre, watch in hand, was heard saying: "There is but a quarter of an hour to dinner. No one here has heard the tidings; it is still possible to conceal them from the princess." But this idea was rejected. The prefect and the physician were summoned. The latter insisted upon nothing being mentioned in the first instance, but a serious illness. "Her life is at stake," said he—"you are responsible for it." Finally, it was resolved that the prefect should go and prepare a despatch, professing to be a telegraphic message just arrived, announcing that the prince had been taken seriously ill at Paris. There was no further time for deliberation; a few minutes more, and the princess would have left her room.

Madame de Montesquiou, imploring Heaven to give her strength beyond her own, went up the staircase that led to the apartment of the princess, and was only divided from it by a landing and a glass door. At that door she stopped for a moment, and through its muslin curtains she could see the princess give the finishing-touch to her graceful evening-dress, then turn towards her with a bright joyous air, and open the door. Leaning motionless against the wall, Madame de Montesquiou had not courage to utter the words that were to destroy so much happiness.

"What! not dressed yet?" said the princess merrily. "But what is the matter?" added she, looking again. "You are very pale: what has happened? A family misfortune? Your children, your husband ill?" Madame de Montesquiou pressed her hands without answering. This ... silence did not seem to warn her.

"...," said Madame de Montesquiou at last; "no misfortune has befallen me; but I am not the less most unhappy. I have to announce a fact to your Royal Highness"—— She started back at these words. "Great God! what has happened? My children—the king?"

"Alas! madame, the prince-royal is seriously ill."

"O my God! he is dead—I am sure of it: tell me." And she fell, shrieking, on her knees. "My God, have pity on me: do not suffer him to die; thou knowest that I shall not survive him."

She remained a few minutes in prayer, then asked to see the despatch, and read it over several times. "This is not the usual form of telegraphic messages," said she, a doubt crossing her mind, which the prefect soon dispelled. Then she burst into tears; but soon after, rising firmly, she said: "I must set out at once; perhaps I may still arrive in time to nurse him." Orders for departure were at once given. For some moments she would cling to hope. "Perhaps I shall find him almost well again. Oh, then, I shall be well scolded, but how happy should I be to be scolded!" Then fear would prevail. "He is so afraid of making me uneasy, he must be very ill, since he has had me told of it."

This intolerable fluctuation of fear and hope—sick hope, that but deepens fear, as lightning-flashes do the darkness that swallows them up—lasted for several hours of the miserable journey. At eight o'clock the duchess left Plombières. At one o'clock a carriage was met coming from Paris. M. Chomel, physician to the royal family, was the first to tell her that all was indeed over—that an accident had deprived her of her husband; that the few words which from time to time he had spoken during those unconscious hours in the roadside cottage had been in *her* mother-tongue.

The duchess lay back in the carriage, sobbing in the darkness, believing—such assuagement is granted to these dread first hours—that she could not survive her loss. They spoke to her of her children. "My poor children!" she exclaimed. "It is only for him that I now feel: it is he who had all my heart!"

It was not till the 16th of July that she reached Neuilly. Alas! despite all her haste, she was too late for the last look she had so craved. The coffin, already closed, lay in the middle of the sombre chapel. She knelt by it, rose from her knees strengthened, and went at once to put on that widow's garb she never laid aside.

"The death of the Duke of Orleans," Allison observes, "was an event of such importance that it was equivalent to a revolution." His opinions, if never very definitely stated, were generally understood to be decidedly liberal, and his popularity was as great as it was well deserved. His death "shook the very foundations of his father's ... newspapers. I am saddened to my very soul by the general disquietude, the disaffections, the discredit. .... We need a reaction. To repress the mischief, an able hand is wanted; to cure it, a sympathizing heart. Alas! my thoughts can only fix on one prince who comprehended this epoch. ..... What will our future be? This thought disturbs my nights and my solitary hours. The mischief is deep rooted, since it taints popular morality. Is it transient, or a symptom of decline?"

These questionings were soon to be answered by the crisis of the 24th of February, 1848. Without commenting on its causes or consequences—both well known—we follow the duchess through its trying scenes. The king had abdicated, had left the Tuileries, believing that his departure would appease the tumult, and make way to the throne for his little grandson. The Duke of Nemours remained with the duchess. But no sooner had Louis Philippe left his palace than royalty itself was endangered. The insurgents were trying to shake the railings of the inner court. The Duchess of Orleans was only surrounded by her household and by some deputies, who pressed the regency upon her as the last hope of saving the monarchy. "Impossible," replied she; "I cannot sustain such a responsibility; it transcends my powers. No one is prepared to see me regent, and I, less than any other." As she was speaking, the shots come nearer—a few moments, and the Tuileries will be invaded. She can still fly, save herself and her children, or attempt, at the peril of their life and her own, to preserve the crown for the Count of Paris, and to defend the rights which France has given him.

Her duty now seemed to her clearly pointed out; she felt neither hesitation nor alarm. Taking her boys by the hand, she traversed the long galleries which led to her own apartment, and stood still with them under their father's portrait. "It is here we must die," she calmly said; then gave orders to throw open all doors, ready to suffer, and to see her children suffer, a dreadful death, if her courage failed to subjugate the inconstant temperament of the frantic mob, whose cries already reached her ear." At that moment, two deputies entered—led her to the Chamber of Deputies. The crowd, just then well-disposed towards her, cried: "Long live the Duchess of Orleans. Long live the Count of Paris." Forming a wall on each side of her, they divided, and the princess passed through, leading the Count of Paris by the hand, his little brother—sick, wrapped up in a cloak—being carried behind them.

When the princess entered the assembly, the disorder was extreme. Lamartine describes thus her appearance there: "She was dressed in mourning; heir veil, half raised, disclosed a countenance, the melancholy of which enhanced its beauty. No man could look on her unmoved. Her blue eyes wandered over the hall, as if to implore aid. ..... Her slight and fragile form inclined before the sounds of the applause with which she was greeted." But a brave heart sustained that fragile form. Some of her friends, frightened by the growing tumult, implored her to depart. "If I do, my son will never return here"; and she remained motionless, though the heat was so great that the poor children could hardly breathe. M. de Lamartine rose to speak. The duchess had sufficient insight into his views and character to entertain no hopes from any address of his. He began by professing his chivalrous devotion to her, and ended by demanding a provisional government. Loud applause ensued; the mob rushed in, levelled their muskets at the royal widow's head. She remained perfectly calm, even when almost forced away by her friends, till in the struggle she lost hold of her eldest boy's hand, and then, indeed, her screams rang through the hall louder than all the tumult: "My children, my children!" They had been upset, trampled on, but they were safe; they were restored to her, and at once she regained her self-possession, and took counsel with those around her. The Invalides offered the nearest shelter. She would go there. The governor was ill, unable to leave his room; he had but a small number of soldiers under his command; he could not insure their obedience to others. "Let the orders be given in my name," said the princess unhesitatingly. The marshal submits that the Hospital of the Invalides is ill-garrisoned and ill-supplied. "Never mind, marshal," she replied; "this place will do very well to die in, if we have no hope; to remain in, if we are able to defend ourselves." Joined by the Duke of Nemours, she still counselled resistance, listened and replied with perfect serenity, sustained not by excitement, but by what she firmly believed her duty. As the day wore on, further advices came, all strongly urging her departure from the Invalides, all warning her of imminent danger. "Does any one here counsel me to remain?" she inquired. "So long as there is one, one single person who thinks it advisable that I should stay, I will do so. My son's life is more to me than his crown; but if his life be necessary for the good of France, a king, even a king of nine years old, should know how to die." It was proposed to her that she should secretly leave, and conceal herself in some neighboring house, ready to return on the morrow, provided that the Invalides could be duly garrisoned. But her generous nature refused to subject the old soldiers to a danger she did not share. "Either I decidedly remain, or decidedly go," she replied. 'Events were too strong for her. Go, she must; but she will submit to no disguise. She indignantly refuses to doff her own attire. "If taken, I will be taken as a princess," she said; and all that affectionate importunity could do was to tear off some lace that covered her gown. As she drove off from Paris, she turned to the friends she left, and said: "One word!—to-morrow, or ten years hence, and I return."

*Chambers's Journal.*

No, she was not to return. A secure home in England—pleasant wanderings in Germany, Switzerland and Italy—the enjoyment of family love and concord, and of "nature," that "never does betray the heart that loves her"; perfect satisfaction in the opening character of the sons to whose education she had devoted her widowed life, hopes for their future no doubt sanguine enough to overleap probability; the reverent tenderness of devoted friends, the joy of doing kindnesses: all these were to be hers, but never, never more a return to the France she had so loved and trusted. "Ten years hence," and the checkered life was about to close—in exile.

Early in the May of 1858, the duchess had been diligently engaged in nursing her second son; some sleepless nights and slightly anxious days had helped perhaps to shake further the delicate constitution so shaken already.

On the 11th of May she had a cold, and took to her bed. From the first, her weakness was greater than it should have been from so slight an ailment; but who fears a mere cold? She, always regardless of self, attached no importance to it whatsoever, conversed with her wonted animation, especially with her sons. The doctor begged her to speak less, for fear of exciting the fits of coughing. "At least let me look at them," she pleaded.

It was difficult to prevail upon her to let herself be nursed; her chief dread seemed to be that of giving trouble. Still she grew weaker and weaker. On the evening of the 17th she bade her sons good-night in her usual words, "God bless you, my children." They left her without a fear. They little dreamed it was the last good-night they would ever hear from her lips. Still she grew weaker. The doctor gave her food, wine—the vital powers did not rally. Always thoughtful for others, she held out the wine-glass to her attendant: "You too, like me, want strengthening. Drink this." She was anxious that all around her should go to rest. "I think I shall sleep, *sleep well*," she said. They gave her cordials every half hour. Still that unconquerable weakness!—no suffering. She went on quietly saying: "I am going to sleep so well." The doctor felt her pulse. "You think, then, that I am very ill?" He evaded the question. "But you, madame, how do you feel yourself?" "Why, not ill. I have often been thus—I should like to rest." He retired to the adjoining room. The friend who watched near its door felt that the profound silence was growing intolerable; she pointed it out to the doctor. They reëntered the room. For him, one look was enough. But the women who stood by had seen no change pass over the calm face they watched, save that it had grown paler than ever. "So he giveth his beloved sleep!"—

## THE SLAVE-MOTHER.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

Her new-born child she holdeth, but feels within her heart
It is not her's, but his who can cutbid her in the mart;
And, through the gloomy midnight, her prayer goes up on high—
"God grant my little helpless one in helplessness may die!

"If she must live to womanhood, oh may she never know,
Uncheered by mother's happiness, the depth of mother's woe;
And may I lie within my grave, before that day I see,
When she sits, as I am sitting, with a slave-child on her knee!"

The little arms steal upward, and then upon her breast
She feels the brown and velvet hands that never are at rest;
No sense of joy they waken, but thrills of bitter pain,—
She thinks of him who counteth o'er the gold those hands shall gain.

Then on her face she looketh, but not as mother proud,
And seeth how her features, as from out a dusky cloud,
Are tenderly unfolding, far softer than her own,
And how, upon the rounded cheek, a fairer light is thrown;

And she trembles in her agony, and on her prophet heart
There drops a gloomy shadow down, that never will depart;
She cannot look upon that face, where, in the child's pure bloom,
Is writ with such dread certainty the woman's loathsome doom.

She cannot bear to know her child must be as she hath been,
Yet she sees but one deliverance from infamy and sin,
And so she cries at midnight, with exceeding bitter cry,
"God grant my little helpless one in helplessness may die!"

Elmwood, Nov. 26, 1845.

## *THE FACTORY QUESTION.*

From The London Times.

On Saturday evening an assemblage of about 4,000 persons attended in the Free Trade hall, at Manchester, to witness the presentation to the Countess of Shaftesbury of an address and a fine marble bust of the noble earl her husband, as testimonials of the gratitude of factory operatives for his Lordship's powerful advocacy of the Ten Hours Act.

Mr. Jones a factory worker, presided. He said he could speak from actual experience of the benefits of their past labors in the cause of short-time working. He believed very few employers would like to return to the long-hour system (cheers), and that no spirit of hostility was kept up between masters and men on this important question. Their interests were, in fact, identical; the operatives envied not their employer's wealth; they asked for "labor's toil, sweet competence, and nothing more." Such evils as remained they hoped to remedy without appeals to Parliament, but, if need were, the factory workers would be as prepared as ever they were to enter the field, relying that their noble champion would again lead them on to victory (great cheering).

Mr. Stanley, another factory worker, read the address, which was handed to the Countess by four young workwomen, and the bust was uncovered amid protracted cheering.

The Countess of Shaftesbury read the following reply: "My good friends, it will not require many words from me to express the deep and heartfelt gratitude with which I receive the testimonial of your respect and affection. I prize it highly, as coming from a large body of my countrymen whose character for intelligence and morality qualifies them to estimate at their true value any efforts made for the welfare of the community. You will believe, I am sure, that, having watched the progress of your exertions with lively interest, I warmly rejoiced in your success, and it is my fervent prayer to God that it may be blessed through many generations to you and to your children" (great cheering).

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who was most warmly greeted on rising, added his thanks to those of the Countess to whom, he said, their testimonials were indeed more due than to himself; for he must tell them that in the year 1833, when the matter was propounded to him, he had great doubts, not of the justice of the cause, but of his own competency to undertake it. He sought counsel on the right hand and on the left, but he left the issue to the decision of his wife, and she, without a moment's hesitation, said, "Go forward, and to victory!" (Prolonged cheering.) Drawing a moral from this anecdote, let the men of Lancashire and Yorkshire learn a little more to submit to the counsel of their wives (loud cheers), for, if he knew anything of the character of Lancashire and Yorkshire women, they would give good advice to their husbands and keep their houses in order (cheers). They could not reflect without the deepest gratitude on the contrast between the present state of things and what it was before this movement was instituted. Many of those present could recollect very well the long and tedious hours inflicted upon children of tender years, the utter impossibility that any of those wretched children could receive the slightest education or moral training at home or in school; that they were fading away, drooping into an early grave, and looking when they issued from